CAMP-FIRE GIRLS

TRIP *up the* RIVER

or

ETHEL HOLLISTER'S FIRST LESSON

300

Campfire Girls' Trip up the River

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OR,

Ethel Hollister's First Lesson

BY STELLA M. FRANCIS

M. A. DONOHUE & CO.

CHICAGO NEW YORK

Campfire Girls' Series

Campfire Girls in the Alleghany Mountains;
Or, A Christmas Success Against Odds

Campfire Girls in the Country;
Or, The Secret Aunt Hannah Forgot

Campfire Girls' Trip Up the River;
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Campfire Girls at Twin Lakes;
Or, The Quest of a Summer Vacation

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How Ethel Hollister Became A Camp Fire Girl

CHAPTER I

A FASHIONABLE MOTHER

"No indeed, Kate!" ejaculated Mrs. Hollister emphatically, "Ethel has no time to join any Camp Fire Girls or Girl Scout Societies. She has her home and school duties, while her leisure is fully occupied. At present I know with whom she associates. As I understand it, these girls form themselves into a Company with a Guardian or Leader. They wear certain uniforms with emblems on the waists and sleeves, as well as a ring and bands of beads on their heads, all of which savors of conspicuousness, and it seems to me ridiculous."

"But, Aunt Bella," replied her niece, "think of what it makes of these girls. It teaches them to take care of themselves,

They very often sleep out of doors for two months and get an honor for it."

"Yes, imagine a delicate girl like Ethel doing that," rejoined Mrs. Hollister. "Why, she'd contract pneumonia or consumption right away."

"But if she were delicate she wouldn't be allowed to do so unless by the advice of a physician. Then for one month she's obliged to give up sodas and candies between meals."

"Yes, and isn't that silly? Why, any girl can do that without belonging to a society."

"Well, they become healthy and strong; they play all kinds of out of door athletic games; they swim, dive, undress in deep water, paddle or row twenty miles in any five days; they learn to sail all kinds of boats for fifty miles during the summer, ride horse back, bicycle, skate, climb mountains, and even learn how to operate an automobile."

"There, Kate, stop; you make me nervous. Now what good is all such exercise to a girl?"

"Why, it gives her the splendid health so necessary to every woman, and oh! if only you'd read about it. You won't listen, but they learn how to cook, how to market, to wash and iron, and keep house, how to take care of babies,—and don't you see if a girl marries a poor man she can be a help to him and not a hindrance?" Then they have to be kind and courteous, to look for and find the beauties of Nature until work becomes a pleasure and they're happy, cheerful and trustworthy. They give their services to others and learn something new all the time."

"My dear Kate," said her aunt, "nowadays a girl has all she can possibly do to fit herself for her future position in society; that is, if her family amounts to anything socially. Why should a girl learn to cook and market unless she intends to marry a poor man, and I don't propose that Ethel shall ever do that. And as for being so athletic, I don't approve of that either. It's all right for a girl to ride. Ethel is a good horsewoman; she learned from a splendid riding master. She plays tennis,

golf, and can swim; so you see she has nearly all the requirements of Camp Fire Girls."

"Oh, Aunt Bella, she has hardly any. Why, look at the Boy Scout movement—how marvellous it is and how it has grown. It has become an institution, and in England when several Boy Scouts while camping out were drowned, the Government (think of it) sent out a gunboat—sent it up the Thames to bring their bodies back to London. Think of the National recognition. Why, it's spreading so that every boy will become a Scout before long. And the good that they do no one knows."

"Well, my dear," said the elder lady, "you are an enthusiast, and naturally as you are a "Captain" or "Guardian," as they call it, your sympathies are all with the organization. But to me it's like marching with the suffragettes. It belongs to the women who favor "Woman's Rights," but not for a girl like Ethel."

"But you certainly approve of the "Scout" movement, don't you? Why, boys are joining from every rank of life."

"Ah! my dear," broke in Mrs. Hollister, "that's the great trouble. They *are* from every rank, and that's why I object. Had I a son I should not care to have him become interested in it, and for a girl like Ethel to rub shoulders with 'Tom, Dick and Harry,' it's simply not to be thought of. No, when she marries I trust it will be to a man who can afford to give her enough servants to do the work, a chauffeur to run her automobile, and a captain to sail her yacht. I hope she'll have a competent cook to bake her breads and prepare the soups, roasts, salads, and make preserves. I should feel very badly if she had to wash and iron, wipe her floors, or do any menial work. Were such a thing to happen, I hope I shall not live to see it, that's all. No, kindly drop the subject. Ethel is but sixteen. She'll have all she can do to finish at Madame La Rue's by the time she's eighteen. You know how hard your Uncle Archie works to obtain the money to pay for Ethel's education, and how I manage to keep up appearances on so little. It's all for Ethel. It means everything for her

future. She must have the best associates, and when she graduates go with the fashionable set. We are very poor and she must marry well and have her own establishment. All of this Camp Girl business would be of no earthly benefit to her. It's only a fad and I believe not only that, but the "Scout" movement will die a natural death after a while. Young people must have some way to work off their superfluous energy; these Societies help them to do so. Now remember, Kate, you have a fairly well-to-do father and you need not worry over your future. Not so poor Ethel. That I have to look out for. Please do not refer to this subject again, especially before her. I mean it and shall resent it if you do. I'm sure you'll respect my wishes in the matter."

"Of course, I shall, Aunt Bella," replied Kate, "but were you to more thoroughly understand this new movement I'm sure you'd view it differently and change your mind. The Boy Scouts have done so much good, and now this Camp Fire Girl is going to be such an improvement over the ordinary

girl. She's going to revolutionize young women and make of them useful members of society—not frivolous butterflies—and it will be carried into the poorer classes and teach girls who have never had a chance, so that they may become good cooks and housekeepers and love beautiful things. And their costume is so pretty and sensible. Oh! I wish you could see it with my eyes."

"To me, my dear, it is very like the Salvation Army. They wear badges and uniforms, and they too do much good, I am told. Yet I shouldn't care to have my Ethel become a member of that organization. But hush—remember your promise—not a word. Here she comes."

CHAPTER II

ETHEL HOLLISTER

A young girl entered. She was lovely with the beauty of a newly opened rose. Her features were exquisite. Her rippling brown hair matched her eyes in color. Her complexion was creamy white with a faint touch of pink in either cheek. Although her figure was girlish it was perfectly formed and she carried herself well; still she looked delicate.

The mother and daughter were alike save where Mrs. Hollister's face was hard and worldly, Ethel's was soft and innocent.

"Well, dearie," said her mother, "here's an invitation for you from the Kips. Dorothy will celebrate her fifteenth birthday on Saturday with a luncheon and matinee party."

"Oh, how perfectly lovely," exclaimed the girl, showing her pretty teeth as she laughed. "Dorothy is such a dear. Why,

she hardly knows me. She's only been at Madam's half a term."

"Never under-rate yourself, Ethel," spoke up Mrs. Hollister. "Remember that you belong to one of New York's oldest families. Although you have but little money, people are sure to seek you not only for your family name but because you are an acquisition to any society."

Ethel blushed painfully while Cousin Kate gazed out upon the budding leaves on a tree in front of the Hollister house. By a keen observer her private opinion might be read in every line of her face. She loved Ethel and her grandmother —old Mrs. Hollister. She pitied her Uncle Archie, but she despised her Aunt Bella and rejoiced that at least none of that lady's blood flowed in her veins. She worried over Ethel who, notwithstanding her mother's worldliness was as yet unspoiled, for the child inherited much of her father's good sense. Still under the constant influence of a woman of Mrs. Hollister's type it would be strange if the daughter failed to follow in some of her mother's footsteps or to imbibe some of her fallacies.

"I'm going up to tell Grandmama," said Ethel, and bursting into the room she kissed the old lady.

"Listen, Grandmama, I'm invited to Dorothy Kip's birthday—a luncheon and matinee party."

"That's lovely, my darling," replied the elderly woman. "When does it come off?"

"Next Saturday, and I presume we'll go to Sherry's to lunch. Think of it! I've never been there—I'm so glad," and she danced around the room. "And my new grey broadcloth suit with silver fox will be just right to wear. You know the lovely grey chiffon waist over Irish lace that Mamma has just finished, and my grey velvet hat with rosebuds and silver fox fur —won't it be stunning?"

"You'll look lovely, I know. But where is Cousin Kate?"

"Oh, she's with Mamma. I entered the room while they were in the midst of an argument and they stopped suddenly. I guess it was about me. You know how set Mamma is in her way, and she was reading the riot act about something. As

Kate leaves here tomorrow, shouldn't you think that Mamma would be too polite to differ with her? But no, she was talking quite loudly. I wish I might go home with Kate. I'd like to see her father and mother; they must be lovely.

"They are," replied Grandmother Hollister. "Your Uncle John is my oldest boy, and he has the sunniest nature imaginable."

"Yes, and Kate does something in the world," replied the girl. "I wish I might belong to her Camp Fire Girls that she has told you and me about. But Mamma—why! I shouldn't even dare suggest it; in fact, she doesn't dream that I know about Kate's being the Guardian of a Company. I feared that she might be rude if I spoke of it and might say something to offend Kate. Well, good-bye dear, I just wanted to tell you," and with another kiss Ethel left the room.

CHAPTER III

GRANDMOTHER HOLLISTER

Old Mrs. Hollister's room was on the third floor back. It was large and sunny, but considering that she owned the house it was rather peculiar that she had such an inferior room. She and her sister Susan were the only children of Josiah Carpenter, a wealthy man living in Akron, Ohio. Upon his death the girls found themselves alone and heiresses. Alice, while visiting in New York, met Archibald Hollister, who belonged to an old and respected family but who was of no earthly account as a business man. His handsome face won pretty Alice Carpenter. He was not long in spending nearly all of her fortune, but he really was considerate enough to contract pneumonia and die before he obtained possession of her house, which fortunately was in her name and unmortgaged.

She had two sons—John, Kate's father,

who lived in Columbus, Ohio, and Archibald with whom she now made her home. Archibald loved his mother and begged her to let him pay her rent for the house, but she replied that if he would pay the taxes and keep the house in repair it would equal the rent.

Her sister Susan still lived in the same town where they had been born. She had never married. People told Archibald Hollister that his Aunt Susan was a millionaire. Every investment that she made was successful. She had adopted and educated two orphan boys, one of whom had died, while the other was finishing college, after which he was to become a lawyer. Aunt Susan seldom wrote of herself. She corresponded with Alice (Grandmother Hollister) about twice a year, and at Christmas she invariably sent her a generous check.

Grandmother Hollister and her son were alike in many ways. They were free from all false pride and privately they considered Mrs. Hollister a snob, and worried lest Ethel should become one. Archibald seldom asserted himself, but when he did

his word was law. While his wife was a social climber he was exactly the opposite. He had been known to bring home the most disreputable looking men—men who had been his friends in youth and who were playing in hard luck. He would ask them to dinner without even sending word, and his wife would invariably plead a sick headache to get rid of sitting with them. She dared not interfere nor object for she was just a little afraid of him and she realized that in nearly everything he allowed her to have her own way.

Mrs. Hollister told Ethel privately that both here father and grandmother were old fashioned. Although living in a handsome house they kept but one maid. Mr. Hollister's salary was but a little over three thousand, and at times they had hard work to make both ends meet. Ethel attended a fashionable school and hardly realized what the family sacrificed for her. She made many friends among the wealthy girls of the smart set. Thanks to her mother's skill and taste she was enabled to dress beautifully, but youth is thoughtless

and she was just a little too self centered to see that her parents were depriving themselves for her.

Mrs. Hollister gave bridge parties, and once every two weeks a tea for Ethel. Upon those days she hired two extra maids. It was pitiable to see how she strove to keep up appearances. There was a young man whose sister went with the set of girls who came to Ethel's teas. His name was Harvey Bigelow. One of his sisters had married into the nobility. He had a large Roman nose and a receding forehead, but Mrs. Hollister was delighted when one afternoon Nannie Bigelow—his sister—brought him to the house. He was only nineteen and at college. Ethel disliked him from the first.

"Why, dear, why are you so rude to Mr. Bigelow? He's a gentleman," said Mrs. Hollister.

"Yes, Mamma, but I simply cannot endure him," replied the girl. "For one thing his nails are too shiny, and that shows his lack of refinement. I don't care if his sister married the King, he's common—that's all."

It was then that Mrs. Hollister would declare that Ethel was exactly like her father and grandmother.

CHAPTER IV

A PINK TEA

Although old Mrs. Hollister owned the house and nearly all of the handsome antique furniture, Mrs. Archie seemed often to forget that fact, and from her manner one might infer that the lady regarded her mother-in-law as a sort of interloper. The old lady would allow her to go just so far, after which she would suddenly pull her up with a sharp turn and admonish her with such a cutting rebuke that Mrs. Archie would blush painfully and apologize. But while antagonistic on most points they each agreed on Ethel. Even Grandmother felt that her daughter-in-law was wise in trying to fit the girl for the smart set, where she would have social position and money, and she even sided with the wife against her son, who considered it all wrong.

One afternoon Archibald Hollister came home early and ran right into the "Pink

Tea" crowd. Old Mrs. Hollister, tastefully gowned in black and white, sat in the library where the maids brought up refreshments to her. A young musician whose mother had been a schoolmate of Mrs. Hollister's, and who was poor, played the piano from four to seven for the small sum of three dollars. Everything went off pleasantly. The maids acted as though they were really fixtures in the house. The refreshments were excellent. No wonder with the line of autos before the door people considered the Hollisters wealthy, "but plain and solid with no airs, etc."

Old Mrs. Hollister enjoyed young people's society, and they all voted her a dear. She'd invite their confidences, and before leaving each girl would come up to the library for a chat with Grandmother.

"Oh, Mrs. Hollister," said Lottie Owen, a girl of Ethel's age, "have you heard about the 'turkey trot?' We can't dance it any more,—it's been suppressed."

"How does it go?" asked the old lady. "I've read something of it."

"Well, just wait,—I'll get Nannie Bigelow and we'll dance it for you."

Thereupon the two girls would show Grandmother Hollister the steps.

"That's something like the 'Boston Dip,'" responded she very much excited. "Why, when I was a girl my mother took me away from a cotillion one night because they danced it," and she grew pretty as she excitedly told of her younger days.

"I bet you were lovely, Mrs. Hollister," said Nannie. "Ethel will never be as pretty as you were. We were looking at your portrait in the drawing room. You must have been fascinating, and as for Mr. Hollister—your husband—well, he was just a dear."

The old lady blushed. Here Lottie spoke up:

"Yes, and people say you were such a belle. Old Mr. Tupper was at our house and met Ethel, and he told us a lot about you. But here's Mr. Hollister," and they rushed forward to greet her son.

"Well, well!" he exclaimed gallantly, "I didn't expect to get into such a garden of roses. And you, too, Mother—why, you've actually grown younger."

"That's just what we tell her," said Nannie. "We've been dancing the 'turkey trot' for her," they whispered, slyly kissing her goodbye.

These were happy afternoons for Grandmother, after which she and her son would sit and chat.

"It sort of livens things up to have young people about, doesn't it, Mother?" he said, taking a cup of tea and a sandwich.

"Yes, Archid, it certainly does; but you look tired."

"I am, Mother," replied the man. "I wish Ethel was finished with her school and happily married. This strain is telling on me and I suppose poor Beila suffers from it even as I do."

"It's too bad, Archie. I don't like this sailing under false colors. People imagine Ethel a wealthy girl. Probably they think she'll inherit my money. Of course, they never dream that I'm penniless and that you have a salary of only three thousand a year; but so long as we keep out of debt I don't know as we are doing wrong."

"Has Kate gone?" he asked.

"Yes, she left this morning. Bella took her to the train. She's gone to visit her mother's people in Tarrytown. Kate's a nice girl."

"She's a sensible girl. I only hope that Ethel will grow into as good a woman as Kate Hollister," said Archibald.

"You see, Kate has a new fad," began Grandmother—"not a fad either; its purpose is too earnest to call it that. She is the head of a Company of girls called "Camp Fire Girls." They are something like the "Boy Scout Organization." The object is to make girls healthy. It gives them knowledge; it causes them to work and learn to love it; it makes them trustworthy; they begin to search for beauty in Nature and they're perfectly happy. I remember that much, but the sum and substance of it is that it teaches a girl everything that is useful. Kate is the Guardian of one Camp Fire section. They meet weekly and from what she tells me it must be a great thing. Kate spoke of it to Bella but she ridiculed it and forbade her to speak of it to Ethel. She declares it is like the

Salvation Army, etc., and Kate promised not to, I think she had hoped to secure Ethel for one of the girls next summer."

"Well, there's no need of us trying to oppose Bella," said her son. "She is determined that Ethel shall make a brilliant match and in her eyes this would be a waste of time. No, Mother, the best thing for you and me to do is to travel along the lines of the least resistance. Come,—dinner is ready. I'll help you down."

CHAPTER V

AN INVITATION TO AUNT SUSAN

One afternoon Mrs. Hollister called Ethel into her room. After closing the door she said, "Ethel, I have written to your father's Aunt Susan, who lives in Akron, to come here and make us a visit. You know she's Grandmother's only sister, and I think it will do them both good to see each other. Grandmother is delighted and I expect that Aunt Susan will accept," and Mrs. Hollister calmly drew on her gloves.

Now, as her mother was not in the habit of considering her grandmother's comfort, and as the two women were seldom of one accord, Ethel looked at her furtively and with a puzzled expression of countenance, but that lady acted not the least embarrassed. It seemed strange to Ethel that all at once she should wish to cheer up her mother-in-law by inviting her country sister to visit them, but the girl simply said:

"That's lovely, Mamma," and went up to her room to study.

Although she disliked to credit her mother with such artifices, she finally hit upon a solution of the object of the invitation. It must be that it was Aunt Susan's money she was after, and why? Suddenly, it all came to the girl—it was to get Aunt Susan to like her (Ethel, her grand-niece) and make her her heiress, if not to all at least to a part of her fortune.

Ethel sat and gazed at the pretty room in which Mrs. Hollister had spent so much time decorating and making attractive. In her heart there was a desire to denounce her mother. Then, when she realized that it was all being done to benefit herself, she could feel nothing but pity for the woman whose one thought in life was for her daughter. She thought: "She will even tell people that I am Aunt Susan's heiress, and I must sit by and know that it is untrue. Everything is untrue in this house. Oh, how I wish I could get away from it all!" But to her grandmother she told her suspicions.

"Never mind, my lamb," said the old lady. "I know Susan well enough to say that she will love you for yourself, and probably she does intend to leave you and Kate half of her fortune at least. If it serves to help your mother socially, why Susan wouldn't care—she'd only laugh. Susan's very keen and sharp, my child. No one can make her do what she doesn't care to. Now don't you worry over anything. When she comes just be kind and polite to her and help make her visit pleasant."

"But, Grandmama, I should die of mortification if she even conceived the idea that mother had that in her mind when she asked her here for a visit. Oh, I couldn't endure it. Please never let her know what I suspect. Will you promise, or I cannot look into her face."

"Your Aunt Susan shall never suspect such a thing from me. I promise," replied Grandmama Hollister. "I am only too glad to see her once more. I could almost forgive your mother for any duplicity in it so long as she can come, for Susan and I are growing old and it will not be many years

before one of us goes. But, Ethel, don't expect to see any style. Aunt Susan is a plain country woman. It may be a trial for you to have to go out with her."

"Oh, never, if she's like you, Grandmother," said the girl, kissing her, "and she is your own sister. She must be like you. But there's Nannie Bigelow and Grace McAllister. I wonder what they want."

"Hello! Ethel," called two young voices, "we're coming up. Your mother said we might."

"All right, girls; I'm in Grandmamma's room," replied Ethel, "come in here."

After greeting the old lady affectionately they began: "What do you know about it?" said Grace—"here Dorothy Kip has joined a new Society called the "Camp Fire Girls," and from the first day of vacation—May fifteenth—until October she's going to live in the woods and camp out."

"Yes," broke in Nannie Bigelow, "I'm just crazy to belong but Mamma won't let me because she heard that two of the girls who are to be in the Company live in the Bronx in a small flat and go to public school.

But Connie Westcott's aunt is to be the head or 'Guardian,' and these girls are in her Sunday School class. She likes them and insists upon their becoming members. Isn't it ridiculous, Mrs. Hollister, that just because these girls are poor they're not considered fit to associate with us by some mothers, and I mean mine. As if I was half as good as they. Why, my great-grandfather was a shoemaker. Papa told me all about it, and he was a dandy good shoemaker, too; but Mother gets furious when I refer to it," and Nannie threw herself in a chair before the open fire that Grandmother Hollister always kept lighted save in warm weather.

"I know my mother wouldn't let me join," said Ethel. "Why, Kate Hollister is the Guardian of a Company in Columbus, Ohio, and Mother wouldn't allow her to speak of it even. She says it's like the Salvation Army, and such ridiculous nonsense. Oh, dear! all the mothers are alike, I'm afraid. We'll never have real fun until after we're married or become old maids."

Just then they were interrupted by the arrival of Connie Westcott, Dorothy Kip, and two or three more of Ethel's young friends, to whom they explained the subject under discussion.

"Well, my mother will let me join," said Connie, "and Dorothy's has allowed her."

"Yes," broke in Dorothy, "I was sure Mother would allow me to if Miss Westcott was to be the Guardian."

"It must be a fine organization," said Mrs. Hollister, knitting steadily with the yellow lace falling over her still pretty hands. "I wish we had known of something like that in my young day. Why, it must be like one continuous picnic."

"I'll tell you what they do," said Sara Judson, "they first learn how to put out a fire. Supposing one's clothes should catch; they could save one's life. Then, in summer, or through the ice in winter, they rescue drowning people who have never learned to swim. They know what to do for an open cut; for fainting; how to bandage and use surgeon's plaster. They can cook at least two meals, mend stockings,

sew, etc., and keep one's self free from colds and illness. They sleep in the open, and my! what fine health it gives a girl, and it makes a perfect athlete of her. She can cook and bake, market, and know just how to choose meats and vegetables. She can become a fine housekeeper as well, and learn how to make lovely gardens. Why, I'll bring you a book, Mrs. Hollister. I couldn't begin to tell you how wonderful it is. If a girl lives up to all the rules and can learn everything that is taught she's a wonder, that's all. So I hope some day Ethel can join, even if later."

"Oh, I'll never be allowed to join, girls. I'm to be a parlor ornament," and Ethel's eyes filled with tears.

"Never mind," said Constance White, "how desolate the home furnishings would be without lovely bric-a-brac."

"Yes," replied Grandmother Hollister, "whatever position a girl occupies if she fills it creditably she will have done her duty."

"I know that Ethel will be the head of a large and magnificent establishment," said

Nannie Bigelow. "She's just the style of a girl."

Ethel half laughed and dried her eyes on her Grandmother's handkerchief.

"I don't care," she faltered, "think of living out in a camp and sitting around the fire telling stories. And I shall never be allowed to do it."

"Now you buck up, old girl," said Dorothy Kip abruptly. "Oh, excuse me, Mrs. Hollister, but sometimes I just love to use slang. You go ahead and wish hard for what you want and you'll get it. I always do. Say, don't you know that you can influence others to think exactly as you do? By wishing with all your might you can will it to be done."

Everyone laughed. Dorothy was an odd roly poly pretty girl of fifteen. She was the only sister and idol of four brothers whom she copied in every way. The newest slang was invariably on her tongue, and the family laughed at and petted her. In their eyes everything she did was perfect. She was a general favorite at school, but Madam La Rue declared that she would

never become a perfect lady while her brothers lived at home; but she was kind-hearted and generous. Mrs. Hollister, Senior, liked her immensely. She always called her "Grandma."

"Do you know what I'm going in for?" she asked of the old lady. "Well, I'll tell you—it's babies!" Everyone laughed.

"You needn't laugh. Next year I'm going to take all of my spending money excepting ten dollars and hire two rooms and a kitchenette. Dad gives me sixty dollars per. I'm going to take thirty-five for rent and the boys will help me furnish. Then I'm going to beg my friends for contributions and open a Day Nursery. Of course, I'll have to get a woman for fifteen dollars a month to take care of the babies, and the mothers can pay four cents a day for each child."

"Why, Dorothy Kip," exclaimed the girls. "You couldn't get any servant for fifteen dollars a month."

"I can, and don't you forget it. Old Susan Conner, who used to be my brother Tom's nurse, has offered to come for fif-

teen dollars. She likes me and she's willing to help me in this charity. "We've talked it all over. Susan is some class now and has her two-room-and-bath apartment. She's old and hasn't much to do and she has enough to live on, so she's offered to come; and I'm going to spend just ten dollars on myself each month in place of sixty for candy and soda and such nonsense. No one knows of it but Susan and I. I'm going to beg for oatmeal and rice and bread of the grocers with whom we've traded for years, and if they refuse I'll influence Mother to leave them. Then I think Dad will help me out on milk and anything needed. I'll confide in him."

"That's a fine and magnificent idea, Dorothy," said Mrs. Hollister, "and you'll become a public benefactor."

"Well, you see, Mrs. Hollister, I like the little kids and I've seen such pitiful faces on some where the sisters have had to take care of them while the mothers worked. So I made up my mind I could take ten little ones anyway. Then the mothers' four cents will be forty cents a day. That

will pay for some of the food. Oh! I'm going to become a beggar and ask every friend to help me. Maybe it will fail but I can try. The boys will give, I'm sure."

"Yes, Dorothy, and I bet you'll succeed," said the girls. "We'll help, too."

Then each girl pledged herself for what she could afford to give.

"Well, you're awfully good, I'm sure," said Dorothy. "I never dreamed you'd all come forward. You're certainly sports, every one of you, and I'm obliged more than I can tell you."

"Who knows," said Grandmother Hollister, "but when you're grown up, you'll have a large house, and it may be called 'The Kip Day Nursery' and each of you girls here may be lady managers. They all grow from small beginnings. And, Dorothy, you may put me down for ten dollars," said Mrs. Hollister.

"Oh, say, you're a thoroughbred, you are," and the girl kissed her impulsively several times.

Now Grandmother Hollister had been saving that particular ten for a new lace

scarf. It had been sent to her on her birthday by her son John, but she couldn't resist giving it. She could do without the scarf, and ten dollars would buy a couple or more warm rugs for the babies to sit on, for little ones like to sit on the floor.

The girls stayed in her room and chatted until dusk. They talked as freely before the old lady as before one another.

That evening Ethel asked her grandmother if there wasn't some way by which she could get away that summer and go to visit Cousin Kate.

"I'll think it over," replied Grandmother; "you certainly need the country. You look thin and peaked."

"Yes, and Mamma will take me to Newport or Narragansett, and I hate it. Why, it's just like New York. You meet the very same people and I never cared for the water as I care for inland or mountains. Do think out a way, Grandmamma. You always manage to do everything just right."

"I'll try," replied Mrs. Hollister.

CHAPTER VI

AUNT SUSAN ARRIVES

The next morning there came a letter of acceptance from Aunt Susan. She would arrive on Friday. This was Thursday. Grandmother Hollister hummed a little song as she went up stairs.

"It will do Mother lots of good," ejaculated Mr. Hollister. "It was kind of you, Bella, to think of that."

Mrs. Hollister blushed. Ethel watched her as she slowly sipped her coffee. Mrs. Hollister was a peculiar woman. She was truthful and frank when she wished to be. Now she realized that her husband trusted and had faith in her and that Ethel was furtively watching her, so she said: "Well, Archie, perhaps I was a little selfish in asking Aunt Susan. Perhaps I did it to help Ethel a bit as well as to please Mother. Aunt Susan is wealthy. Now why shouldn't Ethel come in for some of her money as well as that adopted boy?"

"Why, Bella," said her husband, "is it possible that you had only that idea in your head when you invited my aunt here?"

"No, not entirely. I knew that it would please your mother, and I could kill two birds with one stone. That's why."

Ethel saw a peculiar look come upon her father's face. She had noticed it when he brought home his disreputable looking friends to dine and when her mother objected. He turned to his daughter.

"Ethel," he said, "I wish you to help and make your Aunt Susan's visit very pleasant. I would like you to take her out and show her everything, and Grandmother must go along also. You will be doing me a great favor if you will."

"Papa, I'll do my best to make it pleasant," replied the girl, kissing him.

Then, without looking at his wife, Mr. Hollister left the room, followed by his daughter.

"So that was her object!" he exclaimed, as Ethel helped him on with his coat. "What would Aunt Susan think were she to know? Your mother wishes you to in-

gratiate yourself with my aunt so that she'll leave you the lion's share of her money. Why, she'd probably leave my brother John and me a remembrance anyway, and you and Kate would benefit by it. Well, this is a strange world, my child. I wish your mother was less politic, but I presume it is done for you, Ethel, so we mustn't be too hard on her. She's a good mother to you, my dear, and has great ambition for you. I only hope that you'll be happy. Never marry for money alone—that's a sin—remember."

"I will, Papa," said the girl blushing. "I may never marry, and then you and I can live together. Wouldn't we have fun?"

Aunt Susan arrived. Ethel gazed at her spellbound. She had the kindest face she had ever seen, but oh! how old fashioned she looked. Her grey hair was drawn tightly back into a cracker knot. In front she wore a bunch of tight frizzes under a little flat velvet hat with strings, something of the style of 1879. Her gown was of black made with a full skirt trimmed with black satin bands. She wore an old-fash-

ioned plush dolman heavily beaded and covered with fringe. Her shoes were thick like a man's, and to crown all she carried a fish-net bag. She didn't seem to realize that she looked behind the times.

Ethel thought that her teeth and eyes were the loveliest that she had ever seen on a woman of her age, for she was grandmother's senior. She and Mrs. Hollister looked enough alike to be twins. They fell upon each other's neck and wept. Ethel was mentally hoping that Aunt Susan would purchase some modern clothes or that none of her fashionable friends would meet her, for among them were some who would laugh at the old lady, and the girl felt that she'd die of mortification and anger,—not the girls with whom she was intimate and who came to see her daily, but the girls who belonged to the exclusive set, and with whom Ethel and her friends seldom went as they were much younger.

The day following Mrs. Hollister phoned for a taxi, and to Ethel's horror she ordered an open one. Ethel was to take Aunt Susan and Grandmother for a drive. She

dared not demur. Had she not promised her father to do everything for Aunt Susan? Could she hurt her dear grandmother's feelings? And last of all, she would not admit to her mother the fact that she was ashamed of Aunt Susan's appearance. No, so she went.

As it was early in April and cool, upon this occasion Aunt Susan wore ear tabs, over which she tied a thick, green veil. when it grew warmer in the sunshine she removed the veil. They drove up Riverside to Grant's Tomb, where Aunt Susan insisted upon getting out. Fortunately Ethel encountered no one whom she knew, but as they were driving up Lafayette Boulevard they passed Estelle Mason, one of her swell friends. The chills ran up and down Ethel's spine, while she sat with her lips compressed. The girl bowed and deliberately giggled. Even grandmother, who looked lovely, grew red. But Aunt Susan seemed not to notice it.

"I am a snob just like mother," thought the girl. "I ought to be ashamed of myself. I'll never speak to Estelle again,

the rude upstart! They say she prides herself on her family, but I can't see that her good blood has made a lady of her," and into Ethel's eyes came tears.

"Ethel, my dear," said Aunt Susan, "you're looking badly. Your cheeks are flushed. Do you feel ill?"

"No, Aunt Susan," she replied. "I always grow red when riding in the wind."

Grandmother had seen it all and pitied the girl.

"Deafness comes early in the Carpenter family," persisted Aunt Susan. "Here, take this veil, dear, do, and tie it over your ears."

But Ethel declined, and to her joy the ride was soon over.

In the privacy of her room Grandmother Hollister confided to Ethel that really Aunt Susan ought to dress differently.

"I understand how you felt, dear," she continued, "when you met that rude Mason girl and she laughed, but there's bad blood there. I know all about her and her grandparents. My dear child, her grandmother used to be a waitress way out West where

her grandfather owned mines, and he boarded at the house where she worked, fell in love and married her. Probably there's where she gets her rudeness."

"Why, Grandmother, how did you know that?" asked Ethel.

"There's little I don't know about the fine old New York families, my dear. Remember I married into one and I heard a great deal."

After that Ethel felt comforted.

CHAPTER VII

AUNT SUSAN MAKES FRIENDS

In less than a week Mrs. Hollister had circulated the report that Aunt Susan was an immensely wealthy but eccentric old maid, and that Ethel was to be her heiress. The report spread like wildfire. Then Mrs. Hollister took the girl and told her that she must begin and make herself invaluable to Aunt Susan, so that she alone would inherit her immense fortune.

"Of course," she said, "she'll leave your Cousin Kate some if it, but why should that adopted son get the lion's share? You might just as well have it."

Ethel had to go everywhere with Aunt Susan,—she who so disliked anything savoring of the conspicuous. She could hear the sneers and laughter of Estelle Mason's set of girls and could see their looks of amusement. At first she rebelled, but the dislike of offending her grandmother and fear of

disobeying her mother made her meekly submit, and like a martyr she went.

Aunt Susan was such a lovely character that Ethel was ashamed of herself, for everything seemed to please her so, and she kept dwelling upon the fact that the family (especially Ethel) was so kind that she should never forget it. But although she bought expensive gifts for the three women, they dared not suggest her spending anything on herself. Something kept them from it and told them that she might become offended and leave the house.

Gradually the friends of the Hollisters' came and fell in love with Aunt Susan. She was such a lady and had such charming manners. Besides, knowing her to be a wealthy woman, they accepted her with her peculiar gowns, even inviting her to teas, etc. Never did an old lady have such a fine visit. Harvey Bigelow was most attentive to her, Aunt Susan declaring him to be a likely fellow, and wondering why her niece Kate didn't fancy him.

"She spoke often of Thomas Harper—her adopted son and protege. He was a fine

lawyer and was devoted to her. She received letters from him twice a week, from which she read extracts. Mrs. Hollister declared that he was crafty and after Aunt Susan's money, and it seemed to worry her not a little. She even started in to insinuate as much to the lady, who gazed at her peculiarly until Grandmother took her alone one day and said: "If ever you expect to make Aunt Susan fond of Ethel you are going to work the wrong way. She's very sharp, and if you speak ill of Thomas Harper you'll show your hand—I warn you.

"She'll do as she chooses and you can't compel her to do otherwise. She's fond of Ethel now for herself. I warn you, Bella, not to let your greediness make Susan know you as you are. I'd like her to keep the good opinion of you that she has at present."

Mrs. Hollister knew that her mother-in-law spoke the truth and she said nothing, but left the room.

CHAPTER VIII

ETHEL IS INVITED TO VISIT

One morning in May, as the last days of Aunt Susan's visit were drawing to a close, she said to Mrs. Hollister: "Bella, Ethel tells me that her vacation begins next week. Now I've been thinking it over. The child doesn't look strong. She needs country air. I don't mean your fashionable places, but where she can live out of doors in a simple gown, play games, and take long walks, etc. Now you've given me such a pleasant time that I'm going to invite her to go home with me. I'll wait for her school to close and we can start from here Saturday."

Mrs. Hollister was overjoyed. Of all things that was what she had most desired and, too, it would save them much expense, for a summer's trip to a fashionable hotel made a large hole in Archibald Hollister's salary.

"Yes, indeed, Aunt Susan, she will be

simply delighted to go," replied the lady. "I'll get her ready at once."

"She'll need nothing new," called out Aunt Susan. "We're very plain people. We live simply, and her gowns and hats will seem like visions of Paris fashions to the girls in our town. Then I shall ask Kate to come for a visit as well. And, by the way, Bella, come back; I wish to say something. You know my niece Kate goes up into Camp this summer with her girls. Now I should like Ethel to go along. It is a great movement—this Camp Fire movement—and it will do the child lots of good, for she strikes me as very delicate."

Mrs. Hollister gasped.

"Yes," she replied, "Kate spoke to me of it but I shouldn't care for Ethel to join."

"Why not?" asked Aunt Susan. "It certainly is the most creditable thing any girl can join. It's a wonderful institution. What objection can you have?" and she looked at her niece tentatively.

Mrs. Hollister reviewed the situation as she stood there. It would not do for her

to air her objections to Aunt Susan. She was just a little afraid of that lady and wished her to have a good opinion of her, so she continued reluctantly: "Well, you see, Aunt Susan, it is such a strenuous life, and Ethel is not over robust. I'm almost afraid it might do her more harm than good."

"Nonsense, Bella," replied Aunt Susan, "that's the most shallow objection you could advance. I should deem it a personal favor if you'll give your consent."

Now Mrs. Hollister dared not withhold her consent, and yet she was angry. That Ethel was at last to be entrapped into belonging to that detestable Organization was what she had never dreamed could take place. She was caught and trapped; there was no help. Even though she gave her consent, after Ethel came home in the fall she could talk her out of it. So she said with a of show amiability: "Since you desire it, Aunt Susan, I'll consent, but I don't approve of it at all, I must admit."

"Thank you," replied Aunt Susan. "I think you'll feel differently when you see

Ethel upon her return home this fall. All of the girls in Akron are joining. They're crazy over it."

Mrs. Hollister replied that she was open to conviction and should be glad if Ethel derived any benefit from it.

"But what shall I buy for her to wear?" she asked.

"I will attend to her outfit," replied Aunt Susan. "It is not expensive."

CHAPTER IX

ETHEL AND AUNT SUSAN START

Ethel was overjoyed that permission had been obtained to allow her to become a Camp Fire Girl.

"Isn't Aunt Susan clever to have been able to have gotten Mother to change her mind?"

Grandmother smiled but said nothing, but when alone Mrs. Hollister said: "Ethel, remember that you are in line for Aunt Susan's money. Grandmother says she admires you and thinks that you have shown her great courtesy—says you've been kindness itself to her—so it has paid, hasn't it, dear? Now your visit will do the business, and you'll probably come in for the lion's share. Of course, you are only sixteen, but who knows what may happen? When you finish school you may become the Duchess of Everton's sister-in-law—think of it—and I alone shall be responsible."

"Oh, Mamma," replied Ethel, growing red, "you know I am only a young girl yet. Besides, I loathe Harvey Bigelow. He talks through his nose and is vulgar."

"Nonsense," replied her mother, "look at all of the young men of today, especially among the rich. Are they so very good looking?"

"Yes," replied Ethel, "I think Dorothy Kip has four fine looking brothers, and I know lots of good looking young men, but I can't endure Harvey Bigelow although I love Nannie."

"Well, Harvey averages well as to looks, and think of his position and family, and you a poor man's daughter. If you'll be guided by me, my dear, I'll put you above them all. Were your father to die what could you do? Should you like to be a saleswoman?"

Ethel was angry but she knew that her mother spoke wisely. She, too, loved money and position, as well perhaps as Mrs. Hollister, but she was not quite so worldly.

The Saturday arrived at last and they

started for Akron. Although Ethel felt ashamed to admit it, owing to Aunt Susan's conspicuous appearance, she dreaded the train ordeal, but there was no help for it. She did speak of it to her mother, who calmly surveyed her daughter and replied: "Ethel, I fear you are a snob."

The girl regarded her mother with astonishment, who without embarrassment calmly continued: "Did you ever see me act as though I was ashamed of your aunt?"

And as Ethel thought, she was forced to admit that she never had, for Mrs. Hollister was a strange anomaly. Her snobbishness seemed to lie in the desire to rise socially—to take her place with the best—but she never had seemed to even take exception to Aunt Susan's appearance; in fact, she felt that people would consider it the eccentricity of a wealthy woman. She went with her everywhere and never was ashamed, therefore her reproof to her daughter was sincere.

CHAPTER X

THE JOURNEY

The journey was very pleasant. Ethel enjoyed it. Aunt Susan removed her hat and tied the objectionable green veil around her head. This didn't seem quite so out of place. As they talked Ethel noticed that Aunt Susan was wonderfully well informed on every subject. She was like an encyclopedia, and her conversation was most interesting.

As they were nearing their destination many of her townspeople passed through the train. They greeted her most heartily with: "Well, well, Mrs. Carpenter, we have missed you. Had a pleasant time?"

"How's my boy?" she asked of one man.

"My, but he's fine," rejoined the man,—"won a big case the other day. Haven't you heard about it? Sears, the automobile man—someone accused him of infringing on his patent, and he—Sears—sued him.

Tom won the suit. Everyone is congratulating him," etc.

Each person had some report of Tom.

"They seem to love Aunt Susan," thought Ethel. "It only goes to show how much people think of money. Perhaps were she poor they wouldn't notice her." But wasn't her own mother a money-worshipper, and didn't she herself care for people who had it? "I suppose it's the way of the world," she thought.

The train slowed into the depot. A tall broad-shouldered athletic looking fellow entered the car and grasped Aunt Susan by the waist, and as he lifted her almost from the floor he kissed her affectionately saying: "Oh, my! but Aunt Susan I've missed you," and his voice rang manly and true.

Ethel liked his face. He had keen but pleasant grey eyes, a square jaw, large mouth and fine teeth. "But alas!" she thought, "how terribly he dresses, with his loosely tied black cravat, a slouch hat, low collar and wide trousers—like types of eccentric literary men seen on the stage and in pictures."

He was absolutely devoid of style, yet everyone seemed to look up to him and lots of pretty girls blushed unconsciously as he returned their bows. Aunt Susan must have spoken to everyone who passed. They all seemed to know her well.

As they drove up and alighted at the door of a small plain house she must have noticed a disappointed look in her niece's eyes, for she said: "Your Grandmother and I were born here, my dear. That large house on the hill once belonged to me, but I disposed of it and moved here. I love the associations. Although it is very primitive. I trust you may be happy in it while visiting under its roof."

And indeed it was primitive with its wooden shutters and piazza with a stone floor made of pieces of flagging. The rooms were low-ceilinged with windows of tiny panes, whose white muslin curtains were trimmed with ball fringe made by Aunt Susan. There were ingrain carpets on the floor and old-fashioned mahogany furniture—the real thing, not reproductions.

It was massive and handsome with exquisite hand carving.

Ethel's floor was covered with the old-fashioned rag carpeting and rugs to match. Vases of roses were on the bureau and stand, evidently put there by "Mr. Thomas" as she called him.

CHAPTER XI

THE NEXT DAY

She slept as she had never before slept and was awakened in the morning by the robins that sang in the white blossomed cherry trees. It was so lovely that she lay quite still to listen. Then she arose, but before dressing she gazed out of the window. They were over a mile from the town. The path up from the gate was bordered on either side by spring flowers. Immense trees hid the road from view but she could hear the toot of the motors in passing and it all seemed strange, for the house was over one hundred years old, and everything, even to the pump in the yard, was so old-fashioned.

Ethel looked sideways at the house on the hill in which Aunt Susan told her she had once lived. It was immense,—more like an Institution. Probably it had been sold and remodeled, and perhaps was something of the sort now, thought Ethel.

She dressed and went down stairs. Aunt Susan must have been up some time, for the house looked so clean, and the odor of roses was everywhere,—roses on the old-fashioned piano, on the mantel, and on the breakfast table.

Ethel ate heartily, everything tasted so good. Old Jane, the maid of all work, had been with her Aunt Susan ever since her father's death many years before, and she was a woman who cooked most deliciously. Ethel wondered why Aunt Susan kept but one maid, although she ceased to wonder at anything after Aunt Susan had finished breakfast.

"Tom lives in Akron at the hotel," said she. "He has many clients, some of whom can only consult him in the evening, and that's why he cannot stay here with me. But until I left for New York," she continued, "I had the village school teacher for company. You see, although this place belongs to Akron, there are many children who cannot journey back and forth to school, so we have a little schoolhouse near. The teacher usually boards with me, and

with Jane in the kitchen I am well protected."

Ethel pondered. She had solved the mystery. Aunt Susan was a miser, of that there was no doubt. Imagine a woman of her immense wealth taking a boarder and living as she did. Ethel wondered if at night when everyone was sound asleep she counted her money as misers do; and perhaps it was on this very mahogany table that she emptied the bags before counting.

What they had to eat was of the best and she enjoyed the ham and eggs and freshly churned butter. After a while she started up stairs, but Aunt Susan was ahead of her.

"Oh, Auntie, I wanted to make my own bed."

"Well, dear, you may after today, if you will. Jane is pretty old to go up and down stairs."

The change was so complete that Ethel felt like a new girl.

"I don't care if she is a miser," she thought, "she's just lovely and so like Grandmother; and I'll have a happy time, I know."

CHAPTER XII

ETHEL LEARNS TO COOK

Here is a page from her letter to her grandmother:

"Oh! my dear Grandmamma, you don't know how happy I am—not being away from those I love, but things are so different. I get up early and after breakfast I help Aunt Susan with the housework, for her maid is too old to go up and down stairs. I have learned to churn—to make butter and pot cheese as well. I dust, make my bed, and sweep my room. (Don't let mother see this. She may consider that I am doing a servant's work).

"I am invited everywhere and lovely people call, but that is because I am the niece of a wealthy woman. And yet people's love for Aunt Susan seems so genuine—not as though they were toadying to her for her money. And Grandmamma, 'Mr. Tom,' as I call him,—Tom Harper—is the

finest man I ever met. He is a man—not a man like Harvey Bigelow, mind you,—and people respect him and look up to him. He comes here every other night. He has a horse and on Sundays he takes me for long drives. Don't he love Aunt Susan though! He told me that there never lived a more pure and unselfish woman, and then he told me of all that she had done.

"His mother and he were left orphans without a penny. His father was a clergyman and his mother and Aunt Susan had been friends for years; in fact, he says, 'My mother had been one of Aunt Susan's pupils.' I must have shown surprise for he answered when I said 'What?'—'Yes, before her father died she taught in the High School.' Did you know it, Grandmamma? Well, she did. She's awfully intelligent and now I know the cause of it. Why, she's like a walking dictionary.

"Mr. Tom said that his father and mother died inside of a month, and he and his little brother Fred were left alone. Then brave Aunt Susan, who had loved his parents, came forward and legally adopted them.

Think, Grandmamma,—but for her they might have had to go to the Orphan Asylum and wear blue gingham uniforms.

"Then Aunt Susan sent them each to college. Poor Fred contracted typhoid fever and died during his third year. Mr. Tom and Aunt Susan say he was lovely—so gentle and sweet. It is sad to die so young, isn't it? But Mr. Tom graduated from college and studied law with Ex-Judge Green, and if you will believe it, all of the Judge's practice came to him at his death—Judge Green's death I mean—and he told me that he could never repay dear Aunt Susan for her goodness to him and to his brother. It was more than that of a mother, for they were not of her blood.

"I'll close now, for Mr. Tom has come to take me for a long drive. I hope the girls get in to see you often. What do they think of Mamma's giving me permission to join Cousin Kate's Camp Fire Girls? Isn't it great?

With love and lots of kisses to all,

Your affectionate grandchild,

Ethel."

CHAPTER XIII

A LITTLE DRIVE

That afternoon when Tom took Ethel for a drive he asked: "Do you see that large house on the hill?"

"Yes," replied the girl. "It used to belong to Aunt Susan, didn't it?"

"It did," replied the man, "and she presented it to the town of Akron for an asylum for partially insane people—men and women who have hallucinations only—so that by gentle and humane treatment they may be helped if not permanently cured, for she believes that many who might gain their reason are made hopelessly insane by ill usage. She not only gave the house and land but she added to it a couple of wings, and she has created of it a most charming Sanitarium. I'll take you there tomorrow. You see, Aunt Susan gave it out that if the prominent business men of Akron could raise fifty thousand

dollars she would give fifty more, making the sum total of one hundred thousand dollars as a fund for the future support of the Asylum, and by George!" said the young man, "they raised it. So you see so far as money is concerned they are independent. The capital is invested in bonds and stock, and the Asylum is run with the dividends, and is well run, too. Aunt Susan is the head—the President—and at any moment she may surprise them and walk in. The patients are treated with courtesy and a great many are discharged cured; in fact, nearly all. It accomodates only fifty patients—twenty-five of each sex. There's a continuous waiting list and it's seldom that one isn't greatly benefited after having gone there."

No wonder Aunt Susan was beloved by the inhabitants, for Tom told Ethel that she was invariably the first to help anyone in distress.

"So she wasn't a miser, after all," thought the girl— "She gives away everything in charity and she saves her money to do so."

Ethel couldn't fail to observe that Aunt Susan was growing fond of her and her conscience smote her. She felt that she was a hypocrite. Even as she pondered she held in her hand a letter received from her mother which advised her to be tactful and make herself agreeable and invaluable to the old lady,—alter her gowns and make and trim her hats, etc. "You're clever, and from helping me sew you have become proficient and have acquired considerable knowledge of dressmaking. If she's miserly and won't buy new, my child, you can flatter her by remodeling her old gowns, etc. Then she'll grow to depend on you. She'll consider you a good manager and feel that her money will not be wasted by you. Then, when you marry we'll go abroad to associate with peers and duchesses and members of the nobility. You'll feel that your period of imprisonment with Aunt Susan has brought forth fruit."

With a flushed face Ethel read and reread her mother's letter. She blushed with shame. Already she had remodeled some of Aunt Susan's gowns. She was glad that she

had done so before the letter came. From an old silk tissue skirt she had fashioned her a lovely neckpiece with long ends. She had also made her a dainty hat of fine straw and lace. She had persuaded her to allow her to dress her hair which grew quite thick on her head. First, as her hair had originally been black, she washed and *blued* it, making it like silver. Then, parting it in front, she waved it either side and coiled it loosely in the back, and really Aunt Susan looked like another woman,—most lovely and aristocratic. Tom was delighted with the metamorphosis and insisted upon Ethel's taking twenty dollars from him to buy her aunt a new stylish wrap.

"Oh, I'm so glad it all happened before I received this," she said to herself, tearing up the letter. "At least I'm not so contemptible as I might have been had I done as Mamma suggested, for gain only."

CHAPTER XIV

SOME CONFIDENCES

Aunt Susan now looked up-to-date, younger and happier, and she was most grateful for everything that Ethel had done for her. They all went to theaters, moving picture shows, and twice a week Tom would hire a motor and they'd take long drives far into the country.

Ethel now knew why Aunt Susan loved the man so dearly. She praised him constantly and the girl thought: "Well, if as Dorothy Kip expresses it he's doing these kind acts to 'build character' with Aunt Susan, at least he's an excellent actor."

They visited the Insane Asylum. It was like a lovely summer hotel and the nurses were most solicitous and polite to the patients. Ethel could understand how they might be cured,—how their poor tired and sick brains were rested and strengthened by humane treatment. It was a wonderful

revelation to the young girl—this charity of Aunt Susan's. What a good, worthy woman, and after her death what a reward awaited her if we are to be rewarded according to our good deeds.

Ethel was changing. She had lost a good deal of her worldly pride. Cousin Kate was expected the following week and she was looking forward to trying on her Camp Fire costume, and to the happy days that were to come.

One morning Aunt Susan sat by the window sewing. She looked actually lovely, or at least Ethel thought so, and longed for Grandmamma to see the change that she had wrought. As she gazed upon the old lady she said to herself: "Perhaps, it is because I'm growing so fond of her."

Aunt Susan had on a white silk sacque that Ethel had made, trimmed with rare old lace ruffles at the wrist and collar, while her hair was very white and pretty. There was a gentle breeze blowing in at the window, and little curly locks fell upon her forehead.

Ethel was knitting a sweater. She had learned the stitch in the town where she had

bought her wool, and she was making one for her mother. In after years she never knitted that she didn't think of the conversation that took place between Aunt Susan and herself. The ground was covered with white petals of apple and cherry blossoms and it was as though the snow had fallen in May. She remembered everything connected with that conversation, and later in life she could close her eyes and hear the robins calling and see the butterflies flitting among the bushes, for that morning was the turning point in her life.

"Aunt Susan," began the girl, knitting very rapidly, "Mr. Tom tells me that his mother was your pupil. Did you teach very long?"

"Yes, Ethel," she replied, "I taught for years. Father, although a rich man, expected his girls to do something, and there he was wise. He always said that a girl should have some occupation the same as a boy; then, when ship-wrecks came, they'd know how to swim. In other words, when one's money was taken away there would be something to fall back upon. Your grandmother took music lessons and taught for

a while, but she was pretty and during her first visit to New York, Archie Hollister fell desperately in love and married her. Tom's mother was a fine character and my favorite pupil. In so many ways Tom resembles her. She was clever and bright, and so is Tom. Why, Ethel, he has more than paid me for what I have done for him and Freddie. Today he's not twenty-five and he's one of our cleverest lawyers. I shouldn't be surprised if some day Ohio would send him to Congress. You know some of our cleverest men come from this state,—presidents and statesmen"—and Aunt Susan's cheeks grew pink with excitement.

"And dear little Fred," she continued—"he was more like a baby. He sort of clung to me; but, Ethel, they were like my own children, and you've no idea how happy they made me."

"Aunt Susan," said Ethel, with her cheeks aflame, "don't think me impertinent but you seem different from an——"

"An old maid," laughed Aunt Susan, that's what you dared not say."

Ethel nodded and continued: "From the different photographs I have seen of you, you must have been lovely. Why have you never married?"

Aunt Susan blushed and said in a low voice: "Ethel, I have been married."

The girl started.

"Haven't you noticed that people call me *Mrs.* Carpenter?"

"Yes," replied the girl, drawing nearer with wonder in her eyes, "but I know several maiden ladies who are called 'Mrs.' Mamma has a second cousin—she's dead now, I mean—but I remember her. She speculated in Wall Street and had an office, and she insisted upon being called Mrs."

"Yes, I've heard of women like her," replied Aunt Susan, "but I married a man by the same name, although no relation. Has your grandmother never spoken of him?"

"Never," replied the girl.

"Well, Alice has always hidden the family skeleton, but I will tell you all about it.

"When I was about thirty-six years of age I married Robert Carpenter. I was alone

and wealthy. I loved him and tried to make his life happy, but he drank. He had inherited that habit from his father, and drinking led to gambling. He grew worse and worse. One night under the influence of drink he came home and seemed determined to pick a quarrel. Seeing that he was irresponsible I made no reply to his very insulting remarks. That angered him beyond endurance. He struck and threw me across the room. Then he left the house.

"Over on the hill by the Asylum is the grave of my little son who was born and died that night."

Ethel started.

"Yes, my dear, I have been a wife and mother. Of course, I knew nothing until the next day. I recovered consciousness but Robert had gone. He had taken all of my money that he could find in the house and he had not gone alone. His companion was a disreputable woman from the town."

Aunt Susan paused and looked over toward the little grave on the hillside.

"It seemed," she continued, "as though God, who knew my sorrow at losing my little one, sent me my two dear boys—Tom and Fred. They came into my life when I most needed them and were my greatest comfort, for I was a lonely woman, my dear. One day I received a letter written in a strange hand saying that my husband was ill and not likely to live—that he wished for me, to ask my forgiveness, and he begged me for God's sake to go to him. I went. He was in Detroit in a squalid boarding house. I was shocked at the change. I had not realized that a man could so lose his good looks as he had done. I took him to a clean place kept by a woman who had been highly recommended. Upon my arrival he wept bitterly and begged my pardon. Then I was glad that I had never divorced him as my friends had advised, for the poor man had been deserted by his companion when the money had gone. He had kept on sinking lower and lower, ashamed to appeal to me until when what he thought to be his last illness came upon him he sent for me to ask my forgiveness."

"Did you give it?" asked the girl.

"Yes, Ethel, I did, and I gave it freely, because for the year past he had been stone blind. I was so glad that I could cheer him up and make the few remaining days of his life liveable."

"Did you ask him of his companion?" asked Ethel.

"No, he never spoke of her, nor did I. Had he wished to have told me he would have done so. Robert had many loveable traits—yes, many noble traits—but it was drink that ruined him. He was not mercenary. I had money, but until he began to drink he was too proud to take it from me. He was truly fond of me and would have married me had I been poor, but of course after he had started the downward course he lost his pride.

"Well, I joined him in Detroit and stayed until after he died. His sight never returned, but I read to him and cheered him up, and I had the satisfaction of knowing that I made the last part of his life happier. That's all, my dear. It is almost too sad to tell to a young girl."

Ethel sat and gazed upon her,—the woman who had shown such mercy to a brute,—a wife deserted by her husband,—a mother never able to feel the hand of her little child upon her cheek,—a woman whose life had been spent in helping others, with no thought of self. The tears came into the girl's eyes. She seemed to behold a bright halo about Aunt Susan's head, and it filled her with awe. Suddenly she saw herself as she really was,—the daughter of a selfish, mercenary mother, whose sole ambition was for her future position in life. And this was her mission—to visit this noble woman with a view to ingratiating herself and becoming her heiress,—to make her think she loved her,—to make herself indispensable to her. Yes, those were her mother's words. She had destroyed the letter lest it should be seen, but she knew it by heart. The young girl saw it all. Her lips quivered and she felt so utterly unworthy that she fell on her knees and buried her face in Aunt Susan's lap, sobbing bitterly.

CHAPTER XV

A NEW ETHEL

"Oh! Aunt Susan, you don't understand and I am afraid to tell you, but I am such a wicked girl—such a hypocrite, and so unworthy of your relationship and love. I am a cheater and a waster. My life is all lies and sham. It always has been lies and sham. I wish to tell you everything so that you may see me as I am.

"I came here to get into your good graces—to win your love that thereby I might gain your fortune and marry into one of our old families—a man of great social prominence—and I've been trying to make you like me and make myself necessary to you. I've tried to give you the impression that I was clever so that in case you wished to make me your heiress you would not hesitate for fear that I might be extravagant and a spendthrift. I can't tell you how bad I am. I've been ashamed

of being seen with you on account of the queer way you dressed. I'm not fit to put my head in your lap—no, I'm not fit to stay under your roof any longer," and Ethel's sobs were pitiful to hear. She became hysterical. Then Aunt Susan took her in her arms.

"Child," she began, "don't cry. You have told me nothing new. I understood from the first why you came home with me. You have many noble traits of character. Your grandmother and I thought that under different influences you might become a splendid woman. It was she who suggested my inviting you. You are a good girl, Ethel, and above all you have a kind and tender heart. You are a Carpenter in spite of your mother, and anyone bearing my father's name can not go far from right. You have shown that this morning. Now, my dear, in this world environments have much to do with one's character, and you have never had a chance, my poor little girl," and Aunt Susan kissed and soothed her as a mother might have done. "Now forget it all, my dear child, just as I shall

forget. Let us begin anew from this morning."

"But, Aunt Susan," sobbed the girl, "I feel so unworthy, and you are so sweet to forgive me. I should think you'd hate me and want me to leave your house. But, believe me, I do love you—I love you as dearly as I love Grandmamma and Papa. Excepting in books I never knew that any one woman could be so good and self-sacrificing as you are. Oh, will you believe that I don't want your money, and that I only care for your respect and forgiveness, and your love, if you can give it?"

"Yes, my dear, I believe every word that you say. I believe in you from now on," and Ethel threw her arms around Aunt Susan's neck and wept for joy.

CHAPTER XVI

AUNT SUSAN'S TRIALS

"And now sit down, my dear, and I will tell you something. First you can never be my heiress, for I have no money to give away or leave to anyone. Tom supports me entirely. You look surprised and I don't wonder. I never told your grandmother. She is old and, owning the house in New York as she does, would probably insist upon my living with her; and until a year ago I had hopes of recovering some of my property that I had been cheated out of, but I have given it up. I love pretty gowns and pretty things as well as anyone, but I am saving the money that Tom insists upon giving me to spend on myself for him. I wish to leave him something at my death. Now I will tell you about it and how I lost my fortune.

"At the time I adopted the boys I was a very wealthy woman. Previous to that

year I had given away a great deal for charity, but I had a hobby and that hobby was to establish a humane Insane Asylum. I had seen so much cruelty practiced in different institutions where I happened to know some of the inmates, and I had heard of such shocking treatment received by patients, that I resolved to establish a reform. I gave my handsome home for the Asylum. I spent large sums in fitting it up, so that it might seem like a beautiful resort to the poor souls, and as Tom told you, I succeeded in what I undertook. The boys went through school and college,—or Tom did, and poor Fred would have graduated had he lived a year longer. It was sad that he had to die, and so young, too." Aunt Susan wept as she told of his death.

"Perhaps, you remember, Ethel, of reading or of hearing your father speak of the failure of the Great Western Cereal Company four years ago. No? I was under the impression that your father owned a few shares of stock. Well, all I possessed in the world was invested in that Company.

It produced the greatest excitement known in years; in fact, throughout the entire West there were panics. Everyone who had a little money saved up bought stock. The dividends were enormous, but they were bogus; that is, they were paid to each one from his or her own money. It was one of those unprincipled concerns. They had been after me for a long while. They knew that I was honest, wealthy, and respected, and that my name would attract. At first, I put in only a few thousand; then, as it prospered, I put in more, and finally I put in all that I possessed, for I wished to make another fortune that I might build more 'Homes' and do greater good to suffering humanity. The week before its failure what do you think? Three of the principals sailed for Europe. Two were caught, tried and are now serving a long term in prison. Two others committed suicide. Being one of its directors, when the bubble burst I gave up everything I possessed to help pay some of its poorer creditors, but it only went a little way; and I, too, was a victim with the rest. Had I confided my

business to Tom he would have advised me not to invest in it, for Tom has a wonderful way of advising people for the best, but I kept it a secret so that when he should come of age I could surprise him, for then I intended to give him full charge of all my affairs. So you see, Ethel, I may have appeared close and penurious, but now you understand why. Tom, although getting on finely, works very hard for every penny, and at times he is almost too generous."

"Oh, Aunt Susan," said the girl drying her eyes, "I feel happy now that you know all and don't despise me. I'm glad that you're poor and that I shan't get any of your money. I only wish that I might go to college. Yes, I'd work my way through to get a good education so that I could be able to earn my living and not take everything from poor Papa, who works so hard," and Ethel kissed the old lady many times.

CHAPTER XVII

COUSIN KATE ARRIVES

Ethel was too loyal to read her mother's letters to Aunt Susan who always smiled when she received one, but Mrs. Hollister wrote often asking her how she was progressing.

"Aunt Susan writes Grandmother that she has grown to love you very dearly, Ethel, and I see that you have followed my advice like my own daughter. It is now the sixth of June; probably, you will go with Cousin Kate to camp soon. I wish it was all over. I don't like the idea at all. It will throw you in with a common set of girls, I'm sure. We have saved quite a little this summer by staying home. The girls come in when they are in town and Grandmother enjoys their visits. Mrs. Bigelow and I met on the Avenue. She inquired all about you and I told her that upon Aunt Susan's death you would proba-

bly be a very wealthy girl. She admires you immensely and she told me in confidence that Harvey says when you are a few years older and 'come out' you will take Society by storm."

Everyone in the younger set of Akron liked Ethel. She acted in private theatricals; she sang and played, attended teas, and was sought after for bridge. She gave card parties, and the young people raved over the quaintness of the old-fashioned house. She took long walks with Tom. She inveigled him into high collars and discarding shoestring ties or wearing cravats in a bow with loose ends. She even persusaded him to give up slouch hats and dress more up-to-date. He and Aunt Susan dubbed her the "Rejuvenator and Reformer," and she was contented and happy.

Cousin Kate arrived and Ethel was overjoyed upon seeing her, she looked so fine and strong. Her father came with her just to see 'Archie's girl,' and Ethel loved him instantly. He was so like her father that the tears came into her pretty eyes when at the depot she kissed him goodbye.

CHAPTER XVIII

SELECTING THE COSTUME

"You like Father, don't you?" asked Kate of Ethel, as they briskly walked toward the shopping district.

"Like him!" replied the girl, "why, Kate, I just love him. He reminds me of Grandmamma and Papa, but he's more like Grandmamma."

"He *is* like her," replied her cousin, "and I tell you, Ethel, he's just a dear. But, by the way, wasn't Aunt Susan clever to get your mother to consent to your becoming a Camp Fire Girl? I was so surprised. You see I had already spoken to Grandmother and you about it. Then I thought I'd tell Aunt Bella and get her interested in it, and ask her to let you join *my* Camp Fire, for Uncle Archie promised me that you should come out to Ohio and make me a visit. I had it in my mind that were you to come this summer it would be

lovely for you to go with us to Camp, but do you know, Aunt Bella didn't like it a little bit; in fact, she became very angry, nor could I convince her of the virtue of the Camp Fires nor even the Scouts. She made me promise not to mention the subject again, and on no account in your presence. As I was her guest, I promised. What knowledge you had you received before. In this case the 'end has justified the means,' and it was consummated by Aunt Susan, so it's all right. But here we are. This is the store where they take orders for Camp Fire costumes. It will take four days to make what you need. We'll have to hurry them as we leave in five."

"Oh, Kate," began Ethel in a worried voice, "do you think that I should let Aunt Susan pay for them. She was awfully generous to offer, but when I accepted I thought that she was wealthy, you know, and now it's different. I really feel as though I should not accept."

"Do you wish my advice?" answered Kate. "You accept them. Why, you might offend her by refusing. It's her

pleasure to start you in this good work. She obtained your mother's consent and she wishes to present you with an outfit. Oh, no, it would not do to even demur. Besides, they are very inexpensive. If you wish, the ceremonial gown of khaki color you may buy yourself. It can be purchased by the yard and it's of galatea which is cheap. You are clever with your needle and you can embroider it with beads and shells. You can also make the leather trimming in no time, and there's your costume complete. But let her pay for the other. So come in and be measured."

The girls selected a blue cloth skirt with pockets. The skirt buttoned all the way up and down the front and back. They selected two blouses—serge and galatea—each matching the skirt. The waists were cut open in the neck. They also ordered a pair of blue serge bloomers to be used in camping or hiking. These with a hat completed the purchase.

The hat was of blue cloth with a silver grey "W" on a dark blue background. The "W" meant "Wohelo" and could be

used as a cockade. The saleswoman explained to Ethel that an emblem of two brown crossed logs was to be worn on the chest of the blouses. Honors gained in water sports might be embroidered as decorations around the collar. The same crossed logs woven into a blue background were used as sleeve emblems. Ethel saw the sample suit and was charmed. The decorations were unique and stylish.

"Please send them direct to Columbus," said Kate, as she paid the bill, and turning she said to Ethel: "You will be there, and it will save time. They generally fit perfectly; if not, as you know something of sewing, we can alter them to fit."

"I guess I do know something of sewing," replied Ethel. "I can do beautiful work and I can ride horseback, and I'm at home on a 'bike'."

Cousin Kate laughed.

"Well, I'm glad of that, for at first when you start in you'll be a Wood-Gatherer. Three months is the regular time, but you will be living in camp and will probably be able to fulfil all requirements in a month.

Your knowing these things will help you too."

"Tell me something about it, Kate," said Ethel on their way home. "After you have been a "Wood Gatherer' you become a 'Fire Maker?'" she asked.

"Yes. When you first enter, the Guardian of your Camp Fire gives you a silver ring on which is engraved a bundle of seven fagots, representing the seven points of the law. You give her the size, your address, etc., and she gets it at Headquarters for you, announcing your desire to become one. You must promise not to sell nor give it away. It may belong only to a Camp Fire Girl. Upon your right arm, as you already know, are the crossed logs, etc. When you become a Fire Maker you may add the orange color to your Wood Gatherer's emblem. This color represents flame, and when you advance to the position of Torch Bearer you may add a touch of white which represents smoke from the flame. Then, while you are in that class, you may wear the Fire Maker's bracelet. 'Fire' is the symbol of our organization. For decora-

tive purposes it may be represented by the rising sun.

"Now the symbol of membership is the tall pine tree. That stands for simplicity and strength. Of course, you know the watchword—'Work, Health, and Love.' The first two letters of each form the one word 'Wohelo.' After joining you'll learn everything.

"Honors are symbolized by different colored beads—'Health craft,' bright red beads; 'Home craft,' orange; 'Nature love,' sky blue; 'Camp craft,' wood brown; 'Hand craft,' green; 'Business,' black and gold; and 'Patriotism,' red, white and blue. These, and the seven laws, are represented by the seven fagots on the ring. The beads are strung on leather and may become part of the ceremonial dress.

"Now the name of my Camp Fire is 'Ohio.' It is an Indian name and means 'beautiful.' You know Ohio is called the 'Buckeye State,' Buckeye meaning 'Ohio Horse-Chestnuts.' Unlike your horse-chestnut, our tree is small and its flower is red. So our 'totem' or symbol is 'Buckeye,' or the 'Horse-Chestnut.'

"The girls are to meet at our house the night before we start. Then you can learn the sign, how to keep count, and the different poems you are to say; and the 'Wohelo' ceremony, toasts, songs, etc. This is all that I shall tell you now. Our camp is near the Muskingum river. We have no very high elevations in Ohio. The highest is only about fifteen hundred feet. Where we go is a pleasant stretch of woods. There we camp out for a month or so. A clearing has been made; we can put up tents and be very comfortable. It is not far from a small town and the girls can walk in when they choose. Other 'Camp Fires' will be there as well, so there will be no lack of society. But, my dear girl, if I were you I'd join one in New York and keep steadily at it. It's the only way to become proficient and gain honors and advancement, and that's your aim, isn't it?"

"It is, Kate," replied the girl, "I shall surely join this fall. An aunt of one of the girls in our set is a Guardian of eight girls or more, and she's simply lovely. I shall certainly keep it up—never you fear."

CHAPTER XIX

ETHEL MEETS HER UNCLE AND AUNT

Aunt Susan was most interested in the description of the costume, its symbols, etc. Ethel thanked her gratefully for her gift, impulsively kissing her many times. The elderly woman had grown very fond of the girl and dreaded parting with her, but she knew that the new work she was about to take up would be of the greatest benefit to her, not only then but in the future, for Ethel had softened wonderfully. She had lost all of her false pride and worldliness. It was as though a new girl had arisen from the ashes of the old one, and now she stood revealed as Nature had intended her—without sham,—and knowing that it was she who had helped to bring it about, Aunt Susan was happy. She was proud of the two girls—her grandnieces,—Ethel with the delicate beauty of a bud, while Kate appeared and reminded her of

a full blown rose. She was tall and finely formed, with hair that envious people often termed red, but it really had escaped being red and was auburn. The girl wore it in coils around her shapely head. Her eyes were of the softest brown, while Ethel's were of a deep blue. Each girl had regular features and fine teeth. They resembled each other to that extent that they were often taken for sisters, and Tom was proud of them as well and was delighted to take them out.

"Why," he'd say, "when I'm out with you two girls everyone makes such a fuss over me that I really feel as though I was 'somebody,' and I know it's all on your account. The fellows come up and say 'Harper, old man, I haven't seen you for an age,' or, 'Harper, I heard of you through so and so last week. I wish to congratulate you on that case, etc.' But I know what it means,—they want an introduction to you girls—and I strut around like a peacock."

But the day for their departure arrived only too soon.

"I'll write every other day to you,

Auntie," called Ethel from the car window.

"How about writing to me?" shouted Tom.

"Once a week to you, Tom," laughed Ethel.

Uncle John Hollister met them at the depot and Ethel at once fell in love with Kate's mother, who seemed more like the girl's sister. They vied with one another to give Ethel a good time and she enjoyed every moment. She met the Camp Fire girls, some of whom were charming. Two of the girls—Mattie Hastings and Honora Casey—she did not care for. To her they seemed unlike the others and she found herself saying mentally, "They are extremely common; I wonder where Kate picked them up," immediately after which she would become ashamed.

"I'm going back into my old ways," she thought. "These girls are to be my sisters and companions. I *must* like them."

Honora had a large red face, partially freckled. Her voice was loud and coarse. She seemed to be one of the "nouveau riche," as Ethel's mother was wont to say

of people grown suddenly wealthy and prosperous. Yet Ethel was not alone in her dislike of the girl. No one seemed to care for her, although each member treated her politely.

Mattie Hastings had small eyes that never seemed to look you quite fully in the face. She had also an obsequious manner. At times it was fairly repellant.

"I wouldn't trust her," Ethel said to Kate one evening.

"She's not popular, I admit, and her manner is against her, but, Ethel, I have never found a fault in her; that is, one I could criticise. She is very quick to learn and seems ambitious. She came to me and asked if she might join. They are poor but her people are respectable. Now Honora Casey's parents are the wealthiest people here. They came into their wealth suddenly. The father is a builder and contractor. The mother is hurting the girl by her method of trying to get into society. She fairly pushes everything before her. Mr. Casey, or Pat Casey, as he is called, is a good-hearted Irishman. He is sensible

and knows that it is his money that buys everything, even social standing, for although much respected he is a man of no education, nor has his wife any more than he, but she tries to bluff it through, therefore she is not popular. Nora has been educated, or half educated, at a Convent. She never graduated, but she's so good-hearted one can overlook her mother's faults. You see, Ethel, it takes all sorts of people to make a world. We must try to excuse their failings and see only the best in them. Of course, you know we are an old family of good standing and can go where we choose. Perhaps it was on that account that Mrs. Casey made Nora join my Camp Fire Girls, but she seemed most anxious that she should. It doesn't matter much. She'll make a fine woman if she sticks to her work. You see, our organization is most democratic. One has only to express a wish and she may become a member."

"The other girls are lovely," said Ethel. "I think Patty Sands is charming."

"Isn't she?" responded Kate. "Her father is an ex-Congressman. He is Judge

of the Supreme Court. He didn't care for politics—refused the second term."

"Yes, I suppose it is poor taste for me to even criticise the girls, but every once in a while the old bad habit comes back and I forget my good resolutions. At heart they are probably far better girls than I, but I do wish that Mattie Hasting's eyes were not so close together."

CHAPTER XX

GATHERING OF THE "OHIOS"

That evening the girls met in Kate Hollister's library. Although it was June and there was a log fire in the fireplace it was not warm. The girls carried a small flag upon which the word "Ohio" was embroidered, and underneath appeared a horse-chestnut. Each girl had made her own flag and they were well done.

That afternoon Kate had taken her cousin to the Camp Fire counsel, where, upon her signifying the desire to become a member, the silver ring had been presented to her.

After order had been established and the roll called, Kate, who made a dignified Guardian, began to addresss the girls, formally introducing her cousin, the new member. Then Ethel repeated the following:

"It is my desire to become a Camp Fire

Girl and to obey the Law of the Camp Fire, which is

Seek beauty,
Pursue knowledge,
Give service,
Be trustworthy,
Hold on to health,
Glorify work,
Be happy.

"This Law of the Camp Fire I will strive to follow."

Then she took her seat while Kate arose and explained the Law, phrase by phrase, after which Ethel stood before her and repeated the Wood Gatherer's Desire, whereupon she taught Ethel the 'sign' which was made by flattening the fingers of the right hand against those of her left, which indicates crossed logs. From the first position, Ethel raised her right hand and followed the curves of an imaginary flame. Kate explained that this sign was used by the early American Indians. It may be made easier by placing the fingers of the right hand across those of the left with the forefinger slightly raised. Ethel

learned how to use the sign and practiced it, after which Kate presented or awarded honors to the various girls who had worked for them. They were only the different colored beads, but each girl's eyes beamed with happiness as she received them.

Then they showed Ethel the "Count" book, in which were kept records of their work and play. The leaves were of brown paper and laced together with a leather thong or cord. The cover was of leather also. Symbolic charts for recording the requirements of the Fire Maker and Torch Bearer, as well as for nearly two hundred Elective Honors, were parts of the book. The book contained ninety-six pages. It was arranged for a group of twelve girls. Should the group grow larger, more leaves could be added. Three leaves for each girl were in the first part of the book. These were for recording the honors and requirements, making thirty-six pages. The balance of the pages were for the records of events, pictures, and pen and ink sketches, etc.

The totem of the Camp Fire is as painted

on the brown leather cover. It should always tell some legend or story—some natural industry or beauty which is true to the locality in which the Camp Fire is located. The "Ohio" Camp Fire totem was a large horse-chestnut under the word "Buckeye." The first leaf was left blank; the second was the title leaf upon the top of which appeared the name of the Camp Fire, and at the bottom the date of the first council fire; following the title leaf each girl fills out her group of three leaves. On the first she will write her name, date of birth, parents' names, birthplace, and present address. She also puts down the date as she attains each rank, using for the month the Indian name. On the next leaf were symbols of all Elective Honors, and these were painted in colors corresponding to the beads received. The third leaf for each girl was for her individual symbol,—the chosen name with its meaning,—for each girl naturally wishes to own some name by which she may be known. She may hold some desire which to her may mean the way in which she may give of her-

self the best. Perhaps some poem has lines which she feels are a response to her desire. Not only could these girls write what happened and insert photographs of their excursions, but they were at liberty to make pen pictures along the margin of the leaves of the book—all Indian signs from a moon to a snake, telling of a trip to Rat snake Pond, etc. They were to use the rythm of Hiawatha, which after a little practice becomes the natural language for some girls and it adds much to the interest of the Count; for instance,

"Supper over, now they hasten
To their wigwams, all excitement,
And from hence soon reappearing
Now true Indian maidens seem they,"

etc.

"Now that we have initiated our new member," said Kate, "and have explained to her about the Count book, etc., we shall postpone the rest of the ceremonies until we reach Camp, as I know that each one of you will need your rest. So we'll meet at the train for the boat landing at eleven tomorrow. I hope it will be a fair day.

Take plenty of wraps along for it is cold tonight and it bids fair to be so tomorrow."

Then saying good-night to each as they left the room, Kate and Ethel found themselves alone in front of the dying fire.

CHAPTER XXI

THE TRIP UP THE RIVER

It turned out to be a lovely day. Ethel was most excited. The tents, cooking utensils, pillows, cots, etc., had been sent two days before by freight. The trunks alone remained to be taken to the boat, and they were only steamer trunks.

Uncle John went along to see them safely on board the train that connected with the small boat that plied daily up the Muskingum river.

"If you get homesick, little one," he said to Ethel, "you come right back to us. Don't you stay if you don't like it."

"Oh, Uncle John, how could I get homesick with Kate?" she replied; "but I shall miss you awfully."

The whistle blew and away they went. It was a pretty sail and the girls were in a happy frame of mind. Nora Casey looked like one immense freckle. She was in high

spirits and now and then relapsed into a jolly brogue caught from her parents, for Nora was born in America.

"Faith and it's sailing that I enjoy," she said to Ethel, coming up the stairway from the deck below. "I'm afther taking some pictures of the river for our Count book." Then catching herself she talked perfectly correct without the slightest trace.

They watched the banks on either side, dotted now and then by pretty houses and thriving fields of buckwheat and clover.

Patty Sands sat by Ethel. They were very congenial. The rest of the girls chattered together; Mattie Hastings sat beside Kate Hollister and regarded her with adoring looks. Nora chatted excitedly; once in a while Kate would check her exuberance of spirits, as her voice could be heard by people on the shore. Said Kate:

"Girls, there are several beautiful legends connected with this river. I read a new one the other day. At our first Camp Fire I'll relate it. We can copy it in our book under our totem. Suppose each of you girls write an original legend and read it aloud some rainy night."

"Good for Miss Hollister!" cried Honora. "We will."

So they promised.

Soon the journey came to an end. A four-seated buckboard stage had been engaged by Uncle John to meet the party and carry them up the steep hill into camp.

"Oh, isn't this jolly?" said Ethel enthusiastically. "What lovely woods!"

And indeed they looked like a picture with the June sunshine every now and then bursting through the trees. The road was narrow but it was a good road for walking. The old buckboard creaked and groaned with its load of eight girls, their Guardian, and the driver. Every once in a while the horses would stop and the driver dismount and with his handkerchief wipe off the white sweat that looked like soapsuds.

"He's a kind man," said Kate.

Then when his handkerchief was too wet to use he would pick up handfuls of grass to use for their comfort, after which he would get up on the seat and drive them again, but he must have stopped ten times before reaching the clearing where the Camp was to be.

"Oh, look!" cried Patty. "Miss Hollister, our four tents are up."

"Yes, that's Father's surprise," she rejoined. He sent up one of his men yesterday so that we need have no trouble." And turning to Ethel she said: "Usually we have to hire a man in the village to come up and do such work, but Father has anticipated us this time."

"Isn't he lovely?" said the girls in unison, jumping like children from the wagon and peeping into each tent. There were all the baskets ready to be unpacked, and following the buckboard came the trunks.

They quickly removed their hats, etc., and bade the driver goodbye, who by the way was now using handfuls of leaves to clean the animals; after which each one was assigned her task.

"Patty Sands, you may unpack and wipe the china. Mattie Hastings, you may put it in place. Ethel, you may watch this time, as you are a tenderfoot. Nora, you arrange the blankets, towels, and linen in order, will you?" And so Kate kept each girl working.

Mollie Long made the cots; Sallie Davis put the cooking utensils in place; Edith Overman and Edna Whitely began gathering sticks for the fire.

"Oh!" ejaculated Ethel, "that's my task, isn't it? I'm the Wood Gatherer," she said.

"The first day a tenderfoot is our guest," replied Mollie Long, laughing. "You wander away and think of the story you'll have to write and read aloud."

"In other words," broke in Nora, "go way back and sit down."

But Ethel watched the girls work. It was a revelation to her. They seemed more like boys.

"Why," explained Edna Whitely, "if necessary we could drive the stakes and put up our tent, couldn't we, Miss Hollister?"

"Yes, I hope you'd be able to," she said. "I think women do far harder work than that every day."

Kate had changed her gown for a pair of bloomers and was working hard running back and forth giving orders like a general.

By twilight every trunk was unpacked and in its place. Each girl had changed her gown and the Camp Fire was ready to light after tea. Then came preparations. In one tent there was an oil stove. Outside stood a barrel of oil. It was an extra tent to be used as a kitchen. Two upright stakes with one running across, upon which were many hooks, served to hold all of the kitchen utensils. They hung from it as naturally as though in a real kitchen. One of the packing boxes became a serving table and afterwards did duty for a sink. In the center of the kitchen was a long table made of planks laid upon a wooden horse at either end. When pleasant the girls preferred to eat outside, sitting Indian fashion, but when rainy the kitchen tent made an admirable shelter.

CHAPTER XXII

AN EVENING IN CAMP

The supper was prepared by the Fire Makers,—Edith Overman, Patty Sands, and Mattie Hastings. Patty baked a couple of large pans of delicious biscuits. Mattie made tea and eggs scrambled with cheese. Edith Overman boiled some rice for dessert so that each flake stood alone and was creamy, upon which the girls put butter and sugar or butter and maple syrup. Later in the season they picked berries and had them for tea.

The meal was well cooked and they enjoyed it. Ethel cleared the table. Sallie Davis and Mollie Long washed the dishes, while Nora and Edna Whitely tidied up the tent, after which the fire was lighted with the usual ceremony. Ethel as a Wood Gatherer insisted upon bringing the twigs, wood and kindling. The Fire Maker—Edna Whitely—arranged them ready to

light. Kate chanted a command to Mollie Long and Nora Casey, who were Torch Bearers.

In the meanwhile each one seated herself around the fire. Mollie and Kate then came forward, and by rubbing two sticks together ignited the paper under the shavings, and soon there burst up a beautiful flame. Then the girls arose and repeated:

"Burn, fire, burn,
Flicker, flicker, flame,
Whose hand above this blaze is lifted
Shall be with magic touch engifted
To warm the hearts of lonely mortals
Who stand without their open portals:
The torch shall draw them to the fire,
Higher, higher,
By desire.
Whose shall stand by this hearthstone
Flame fanned
Shall never, never stand alone;
Whose house is dark and bare and cold,
Whose house is cold,
This is his own.
Flicker, flicker, flicker, flame,
Burn, fire, burn."

After which Edna repeated the Fire Maker's song:

"As fuel is brought to the fire,
So I purpose to bring
My strength,
My ambition,
My heart's desire
My joy
And my sorrow
To the fire
Of humankind;
For I will tend,
As my fathers have tended,
And my fathers' fathers
Since time began,
The fire that is called
The love of man for man,
The love of man for God."

They gave toasts, told stories and sang songs. Edith Overman had a keen sense of humor and she told some anecdotes that were exceedingly droll. Ethel and Edna Whitely vied in asking conundrums. Kate Hollister then related her capital story, "The Legend of the Muskingum."

"Before I begin," she said, "for Ethel's

benefit I wish to tell you something of the origin of the Camp Fire. This I read in a New York magazine.

" 'If we go back as far as possible we come to a primitive time when human life centered about the Camp Fire. It was, and is still, the center of family life, and today it is around the fire that the family and friends gather. The fire gives warmth and cheer to the home. The day's work is begun with fire. When the fire is out the house is cheerless. Fire stands for Home—for the Community Circle and New Patriotism. It was also in these primitive days that the first grand division of labor was made. The man,—the provider and defender of the family—went out into the wilderness to hunt, while the woman stayed at home to keep the pot boiling, and in spite of all of the changes in social life that division has remained to a very large extent until this day.

" 'Some years ago, when the Boy Scout movement first started, it began with the Camp Fire. No doubt one reason for its popularity was the fact that it gave the boys

opportunity to play what was in the old days the man's game—that of hunter, trapper, and soldier.

" 'Boys may be Scouts, but you girls are going to keep the place to which the Scout must return. And now this movement, similar to the Boy Scouts, has been started for girls. It started also with the Camp Fire, and the organization thus formed is the Camp Fire Girls.' "

Everyone clapped their hands.

"When I read the above," said Kate, "I learned it by heart, knowing that all of you would be interested to know the true significance of the Camp Fire. And now for the Legend."

CHAPTER XXIII

THE LEGEND OF THE MUSKINGUM RIVER

"Long years ago there lived a brave Indian chief called Wa-chi-ta; in fact, he and his tribe inhabited a portion of this state—perhaps in the vicinity of these very trees.

"He was a kind and humane man, and his wife, Ona-pas-see, was like him in that respect, therefore they were dearly beloved by their subjects. They had three fine sons but no daughter, so when a little girl came to them they were exceedingly happy and there was great rejoicing.

"'As she is fair and beautiful to behold we will call her O-hi-o,' said the Chief. ("As we know, Ohio means 'beautiful,'" said Kate.)

"So little O-hi-o waxed strong and grew into a woman worthy of her name. She was idolized by Ona-pas-see and spoiled by Wa-chi-ta.

"After the manner of all maidens, when

she arrived at the marriageable age from miles around came many braves to pay their respects. They brought her rare and costly gifts of silver, copper, and gold—of beads and bears' claws, as well as the skins of the fox, squirrel, and ermine.

"O-hi-o smiled sweetly and accepted her gifts with pretty speeches of thanks, but of the young men she would have none. Her parents worried not a little, as they wished to see her settled in life, living in her own wigwam. Her brothers talked with her upon her duty, but she only smiled, showing her pretty teeth and arranged her headband of beads, using for a glass the clear stream near the wigwam.

"The squaws declared that she would never marry—that soon would go her youth and good looks; then the braves would seek some maiden younger and fairer. But O-hi-o only shook her head and ran to her father to be kissed.

" 'She is proud,' they said, gazing after her, 'No one is good enough for her. She will meet with her punishment—watch.'

"Then behold! there came to the village

one day a young warrior—Mus-kin-gum by name. He came from a tribe many miles distant, bearing a message from its Chief to Wa-chi-ta.

"O-hi-o sat near her father. She was embroidering a wampum belt with different colored beads and shells, skilfully fashioning birds, butterflies, animals, etc. As she glanced up shyly, lo! her eye caught the eye of the young brave. The blood flew into her cheeks and her heart started in to beat as though it would burst. While delivering his speech to Wa-chi-ta young Mus-kin-gum grew scarlet and embarrassed.

"That was the beginning. It was in June. The birds sang their love songs and the air was filled with mysterious romance and sweetness. Permission had been granted by Wa-chi-ta to Mus-kin-gum to pay his addresses to his daughter O-hi-o, and when he told her of his love he said:

" 'Why confess it? You have known since the day in the wigwam when our eyes met and my soul fell captive to your beauty and sweetness.'

"Then, when upon the mountain sides

the trees hung out their yellow, gray and scarlet banners, with great pomp and ceremony these two young people were wed, and the festivities lasted for days. Everyone was happy because Wa-chi-ta was happy, and all of the tribe loved Wa-chi-ta.

"As for O-hi-o and Mus-kin-gum, they were content. They lived in a fine wigwam and adored each other. While her husband was in the woods shooting game or fishing, Ohio would sit in the doorway and watch for his return, and as for him, his eyes were constantly roving towards the valley where he could see the smoke coming from a certain wigwam; and when it came in volumes as though from a freshly started fire, his heart would rejoice, for then he knew that O-hi-o was preparing the supper and it was time to return.

"And so these two who loved each other lived in one continual honeymoon until the arrival of little Mus-kin-gum—a strong, lusty, little fellow looking not unlike Wa-chi-ta, which pleased his grandfather only too well. It was his father's delight to attend to his education, and his father was

not only beloved by his tribe but feared by his enemies. So he wished to teach his little son to be honest, kind and fearless. He wished him to be brave and able to lead his tribe into battle—to die for them if necessary. He taught the boy to aim well and shoot with a bow and arrow, and when he was about seven years old it was his delight to accompany big Mus-kin-gum on his shooting expeditions—to help him fish and hunt. Together they would tramp for miles, and O-hi-o would sit in her doorway and embroider, thanking the Great Spirit that she had two warriors to look after instead of one; and little Mus-kin-gum would clap his hands with joy when she'd say:

"'What has the little warrior shot today?' And her husband would reply: 'He has helped me; he has carried my heavy bow and arrow; and he has also carried these,' displaying a large string of fish. 'Besides, he caught two of them.'

"Of course, they talked in Indian language, which is more beautiful than ours.

"Then on their trips Mus-kin-gum would

teach his little son how to distinguish one tree from another by examining its leaves; how to tell the name of a bird by listening to its call; how to read the signs of the Indians; how to read from their tracks the whereabouts of the enemy, the trail of the animals, and the secrets of the woods—the song of the birds, the whispering of the trees, and the murmuring of the brook; about the way of flowers, ferns, etc., and the names of the different nuts and fruits that flower first and then become ripe and fall to the ground.

"He taught him about the different animals and how to trap and shoot them, and lastly he taught him about the stars and the stories connected with them. Little Mus-kin-gum could point out the Dipper or Great Bear, the Little Bear, how the last star but one in the Dipper—the star at the bend of the handle—is called 'Mizar,' one of the horses; and just above tucked close in is a smaller star—'Alcor' or 'the rider.' The Indians called these two the 'Old Squaw and the Papoose on her back,' and the young men would say to the little

fellow: 'Do you see the papoose on the old squaw's back?'

"Then at once he'd point to them, and the parents would be proud of him.

"His father also taught him that shaking a blanket in Indian language meant 'I want to talk with you.' Holding up a tree branch—'I wish to make peace.' Holding up a weapon—'I am prepared to fight,' and many others like our own signal of the Camp Fires," said Kate, "which is one of the oldest of Indian signs."

"Isn't this a lovely story?" broke in Patty. "I can't wait for its finish."

"And it's late; I'll have to talk more rapidly, I fear," replied Miss Hollister, "or postpone the rest until tomorrow night."

"Oh, don't," went up a shout of young voices,—"please finish. Why, we'd keep awake all night if you stopped now."

Kate laughed good-naturedly and signed to one of the Fire Makers to put on more wood. Quickly Ethel jumped up and brought an armful, for our Camp was very ceremonious. Then as the flame burst forth anew she proceeded:

"So you can see that little Mus-kin-gum was a loveable child, endowed with more than ordinary intelligence. His father also told him of the Great Spirit, and the child listened reverently. He was an unusual child—bright for his age— and he learned quickly. He was also affectionate, and Mus-kin-gum became as weak as a woman when the little fellow would put his arms about his neck or clasp him by the hand.

"The mother had taught the child a prayer to the Great Spirit. It was this:

" 'Great Spirit, listen Thou to us; guide us this day; help us, lest we fall; make our will Thy will—our ways Thy way.'

"Mus-kin-gum's great fear was that he might lose him ere he grew up to manhood, for next to O-hi-o he adored his boy.

"One morning big and little Mus-kin-gum started for the woods. They were in high spirits as they kissed O-hi-o goodbye.

" 'We will shoot for you a big deer,' said the boy, 'and we will bring to you many large fish.'

"O-hi-o smiled and wished them luck. After watching until out of sight she left

her wigwam to spend the day with her parents. It was a warm June day and it reminded O-hi-o of her courting days. She lived it all over again, and her heart gave thanks to the Great Spirit for His kindness—for the wonderful love and happiness that had since been hers in the possession of her husband and child. And the birds sang as on the day that Mus-kin-gum first beheld her at the door of her father's wigwam. She could see his eyes holding her own; she could feel her heart bounding in her bosom, and the red flushed into her cheek even as it had done then.

"She spent a pleasant day talking of her two dear ones and her parents were never weary of listening. They made her repeat the little prayer said to the Great Spirit by the idolized grandson.

" 'I must leave now,' she said, 'and prepare their supper. They will be watching in the valley for the smoke from our wigwam,' and kissing her parents fondly she left.

"In the meanwhile it grew dark.

" 'Little one,' said Mus-kin-gum, 'we must hasten. I feel rain in the air. Look

at the clouds and behold it in them ready to fall.'

"And the little fellow looked and laughed, thinking it fun to be caught in a shower. They were close to the edge of the woods ready to descend the path leading to the valley, when suddenly with terrific force the rain began to fall, followed by a mighty wind that rent the clouds and rushed through the woods. Thunder pealed loud and long; lightning flashed, blinding the eyes. Little Mus-kin-gum grew pale and trembled. Never before had he feared a storm.

" 'It is the voice of the Great Spirit,' he said solemnly, and began to repeat the prayer.

"Seeing his fright, his father drew the boy's head to his breast and held it there so that he might not see the lightning as it flashed with unusual violence.

"At last one flash came, and with it went the spirit of brave Mus-kin-gum. His arms loosened their hold on the screaming child. He reeled and fell backward—dead. The last bolt had killed him.

"Then followed peal after peal of thunder. The boy called to him in vain. He even tried to raise him in his arms. Seeing that it was useless he threw himself on his breast and moaned, every now and then lamenting in loud cries.

"The storm ceased. When, after the night fell, and Mus-kin-gum and the boy failed to appear, O-hi-o gathered together a band of young men from nearby and started out to search for them. O-hi-o kept calling, 'Mus-kin-gum, where art thou? My little one—art thou safe?'

"Then on the air floated a child's voice calling to its mother.

"Like a deer, O-hi-o flew to the spot. The child was rubbing his eyes. He had fallen asleep on his dead father's breast and was awakened by his mother's voice, but he never left his father's body.

"As O-hi-o drew near she beheld her poor brave handsome Mus-kin-gum lying with his face upturned to the moon, whose beams fell upon him. O-hi-o knelt down and kissed her husband but she uttered no cry—only a dull muffled moan escaped her, for she was the daughter of an Indian

Chieftain and it would not have done. She had been taught to bear pain without a murmur, but the look upon her face was terrible. The young men would gladly have died to have brought young Mus-kin-gum to life for her sake.

"Then the eldest lifted the child, who still sat by his dead father's side, and placed him in his mother's arms, and as the little fellow sobbed and kissed her lo! her eyes filled with tears and she headed the procession that followed bearing the body of their beloved Mus-kin-gum adown the steep path that led to her wigwam.

"And Mus-kin-gum was buried with great ceremony and honors becoming a a man of his station. But O-hi-o took no further interest in life. The child now clung to his grandfather, who tried to take his father's place. Every day O-hi-o would lead him to the grave on the mountain side, and together they would pray to the Great Spirit.

" 'And I prayed in the woods,' said the boy, 'when the thunder rolled and the lightning came, but the Great Spirit turned away his face and took my father.'

" 'He was called to live among the stars,' O-hi-o would reply.

" 'And is he up there?" the child would ask. 'I will look for him,' after which every night would little Mus-kin-gum stand or lie on the ground gazing at the stars, declaring at times that he could discern his father looking down upon them.

"But alas! from the day of the storm the boy could never again hear the voice of thunder, nor see the flashes of lightning, without going into convulsions. Upon the first distant roar he would jump up and down, scream loudly, and run to his mother, burying his head on her breast, relapsing into a state of semi-consciousness until the storm should have passed. It was pitiful, and poor O-hi-o's tears would fall on the boy's head, for it was thus he had stood before his father while Mus-kin-gum met his death.

"As time went on the attacks grew worse. Vainly did old Wa-chi-ta summon the best known medicine men and old women, but each one shook his or her head doubtfully. Vainly did the tribe assemble

in the Council wigwam to consult with one another and pray to the Great Spirit for Mus-kin-gum's son—for his recovery. Nothing seemed to avail. The child grew worse and worse, never caring to leave his mother's side.

"Then came a bad year for the Indians. There was a drought. The fruit fell from the trees while yet in flower. The grass turned brown and withered. The crops died. The water dried up and there was none for the cattle. The different tribes met and prayed with no result.

" 'We must die,' they said. 'Behold! the Lake even has gone, and something must be done.'

"And the wise men declared that the Great Spirit must be angry with them and that he demanded of them a sacrifice. The more they talked the more they believed that it was imperative. 'One life must be sacrificed,' they said,—'one life for many. That is the only way to save our people. No rain has fallen in nearly four months. The Great Spirit demands and must be obeyed.'

"Then into the midst of the wise men and chieftains came O-hi-o. She was very beautiful and the braves held their breath as they gazed upon her. By her hand she led the son of Mus-kin-gum.

" 'I have heard what you said—oh! wise men,' she began. 'I have no wish to live longer. I and my son are ready to be your sacrifice. My heart is in the grave upon the mountain side. My son is not strong; his health is poor. We give ourselves for the good of our people.'

"Many wept. The wise men regarded her as they might an angel sent by the Great Spirit. Her parents gazed upon her with pride and adoration.

" 'But,' she continued, 'I would choose the manner of my death. On the pinnacle of rocks overlooking this valley, where each day that he hunted in the woods my dear Mus-kin-gum would stand and wave to me, tomorrow night 'neath the light of the moon, with my son's hand in mine—together he and I will leap from that rock into the valley below,—the once lovely valley now so desolate. Do not refuse me,' she

cried, as many protested suggesting others not so young. 'No, I will gladly make the sacrifice for my dear father's people.'

"So they counselled together and accepted the offer made by their Chieftain's daughter.

"O-hi-o and Mus-kin-gum spent their last day with the old people, who, while filled with pride, were heartbroken. They clung to the mother and child, nor were they ashamed to show their love and weakness.

" 'I shall be with my father,' said little Mus-kin-gum. 'You may look for my mother and me in the stars, Grandpa. I have seen father there. Be sure and watch; we shall all be together,' and the child smiled as he kissed his grandparents, whose hearts were breaking.

" 'My two brave ones,' said old Wa-chi-ta, 'if the rain comes to us it will be you who have sent it.'

"The tribes assembled from miles around. It was a hot, torrid night, although the moon shone brightly. All was silent as O-hi-o and little Mus-kin-gum came forth to the

sacrifice. She wore her ceremonial costume; her long, black hair was flowing and held in by a beaded head-band. She looked so beautiful as she marched up the mountain that people wept, but she walked proudly with her head erect, leading her child by the hand, and the little fellow also held his head upright and seemed without fear. Soon the ledge was reached. Looking down into the valley below they took their position.

"'Farewell,' said O-hi-o, 'I do this for the love I bear you, my people.'

"Then she kissed the boy many times and, reconsidering, she lifted him in her arms. The child put his face to hers and clung tightly about her neck. She whispered in his ear. He raised his head and called aloud: 'May the rain fall and may you all be happy.'

"Then holding her child close to her heart the brave woman stepped to the edge, closed her eyes, and leaped into the valley below,—the valley in which stood her wigwam."

Kate paused. The girls were hanging

breathlessly on her words. Sallie Davis and Mattie Hastings were crying, while Edna Whitely and Mollie Long drew nearer.

"Oh, don't stop," gasped Patty Sands, "please go on, Miss Kate. I'm all excited."

Kate laughed.

"Do let me get my breath, girls. I had no idea it would take me so long."

"There fell no rain that night, but the people as they marched down into the valley thought of nothing but the sacrifice. Probably had it rained they would not have known it. They were silent, thinking with admiration of the wonderful act of heroism that they had just witnessed.

"The next day searching parties started out to seek the bodies of the mother and child, but not a trace could be found.

" 'The Great Spirit has taken them in the flesh,' they said. 'Perhaps He is angry that we allowed it.'

"Everyone grew frightened. None seemed to care to speak. Suddenly a low peal of thunder was heard, then a louder one, after which came a flash of lightning.

" 'A storm!" they cried, 'the sacrifice has not been in vain,' and they fell to their knees.

"It rained as it had never rained before. It fell in sheets. The cattle drank greedily and the water was plentiful. After the third day it grew lighter and the rain slacked. People ventured out of doors, and lo! the valley with the wigwam of Mus-kin-gum had disappeared. In its place, behold! a river. Up and down as far as eye could reach flowed the shining waters. A miracle had been performed, and the wise men came from miles around.

" 'We will call the river O-hi-o,' they said, 'for it is the soul of her who has saved us.'

"And the river spread and grew larger. The braves explored and found that it was too long to measure. It would take days and days to find the end; in fact, they doubted that there could be an end.

"One morning they discovered a smaller river that emptied into the one they had named O-hi-o. That increased in length as well, but with their canoes they could

paddle a hundred miles. They also noticed a peculiar thing about this smaller river. Whenever there came a thunder shower the river would rise and become covered with whitecaps, and rush madly down like a torrent until it seemed to fairly leap into the Ohio; and one wise man—the wisest of the tribe—said:

" 'Behold, it is little Mus-kin-gum. Can you not see how the storm affects him? Was he not so in the flesh? Can you not see how he seeks his mother's bosom for shelter?'

"And so the mystery was explained. From the date of the appearance of the two rivers everything in that part of the country prospered. The cattle were second to none. The fruit was the fairest and most luscious fruit ever grown, while the crops—corn, buckwheat, oats, barley and wheat—could not be excelled."

("Today the fisheries are the finest and the Grand Reservoir is the largest body of artificial water in the world—equal in extent to all others in the state. It is well for you to know that," said Kate, interrupting the story).

"And whenever the Indians prayed to the Great Spirit they would thank him for having sent O-hi-o as a voluntary sacrifice; and each starlight night old Wa-chi-ta and his wife would search among the constellations for their three loved ones. Then they, too, passed into the Happy Hunting Grounds. But with many of the Western tribes the legend remains until today.

"For years to come the little Indian children would say to one another:

" 'It's going to storm. Hear the thunder; see it lighten; let us go down and watch the little Mus-kin-gum get frightened and rush into his mother's arms.' "

"That is the end," said Kate.

"Oh! it is lovely," they all cried, "and we thank you so much."

"You see," she added, "now I am glad that I called this Camp Fire the 'Ohio.' That is our legend, and we can have a little copy made to annex to our book."

Then the Fire Maker came forward and extinguished the dying embers. Each girl arose and kissed the Guardian goodnight, and retired.

CHAPTER XXIV

ETHEL'S FIRST DAY IN CAMP

The girls slept soundly that night and in the morning were awakened by the singing of the birds.

"Oh! how lovely it seems to be here," thought Ethel, as she leaned on her elbow, "instead of being awakened by the toot of an automobile just to lie quietly and harken to the birds." She looked around.

The other cots were occupied by her Cousin Kate, Patty Sands, and Edna Whitely. Kate opened her eyes and sat up.

"Have you been awake long?" she asked sleepily.

"No, Kate, only a few moments. I've been listening to the birds. I thought Aunt Susan's home was peaceful, but even there one could hear the autos."

Kate arose, put on her slippers and wrapper, and sitting on the cot she began to unfasten her long braids.

"It is the most restful place I've ever known," she replied. "But, girls, we're late. Come Patty and Edna."

Patty Sands sat up in bed and rubbed her eyes. Edna snuggled deeper into the depth of her pillow.

"Edna, don't go to sleep. There's the bugle now," and the clear notes of a bugle came floating into the tent.

"Oh!" said Edna sleepily, "that's Nora Casey blowing. I wish she'd stop; she has the strongest lungs I ever knew."

This morning the breakfast was eaten with a relish. They had oatmeal and cream, ham and eggs, creamed potatoes and coffee. Mollie Long had surprised them with some corn bread that was, as Nora expressed it, "some class."

Their cellar was beside a running brook near the tents. A little waterfall trickled down the rocks with a cheerful sound. Beside the stream was their refrigerator—a large deep hole that had been dug in the ground, and into this, placed in a tightly covered tin bucket, they put their butter, cream, eggs, and meat. It was as cold as

ice. After the pail had been lowered a clean board covered the opening, and on this board they placed a large stone. But the farmer with whom Mr. Hollister had made arrangement, brought up daily from his place fresh meat, milk, and vegetables, and twice a week pot cheese and buttermilk; so the "Ohio Camp Fires" were in clover. Nothing they ate was stale and everything tasted delicious.

After breakfast was over, Ethel, Nora, and Mollie Long cleared the table, washed the dishes, and tidied up the tent.

CHAPTER XXV

ETHEL'S FIRST LESSON

"Girls," said Kate, after the morning's ceremonies had been performed, "today we will cook our dinner over a real camp fire. Our menu will consist of roasted potatoes, green peas, broiled steak, and a lettuce salad. Sallie Davis is going to make one of her delicious bread puddings, which she will bake in the oil stove, but the rest will be the 'real thing.' "

The girls were delighted.

"Ethel," said Edith Overman, "in August you shall taste our delicious roasted corn. You never ate anything so good in your life. When do you leave for home?"

"August thirtieth," replied the girl. "Do you stay up here until September?"

"Yes," replied Kate. "We leave about the fifth, but on account of you we are going home in August this year."

"Oh, how kind!" said Ethel.

Then Kate began:

"Now my little cousin, you have some work to do today. First, you must learn how to make knots,—the five different styles—but today it shall be a square knot only. You are to tie it five times in succession without hesitation. You are to read and be able to tell the chief cause of infant mortality in the summer, and to what extent it has been reduced in one American community. That means one city or town. This is your school and you must attend it before you can play. You must learn what to do in the following emergencies: Clothing on fire; person in deep water who can not swim, both in summer and through ice in winter; how to bandage and attend to an open cut; a frosted foot; what to do with a person who has fainted; how to use surgeon's plaster; you must commit to memory a poem of twenty-five lines or more, and you must learn about yourself—what every girl of your age needs to know. You are not to learn all of this in one day, but a little every day. Mollie and Nora, who are proficient in these things, will help

teach you. Then you'll learn to cook, swim, and row a boat. We have a lovely lake about a mile from here, and there are boats and canoes to hire. All these, and various other useful things, you are to learn. I want you to be able to win an Elective Honor in some one of the seven crafts. You must wear your beads, but you must win them first. Next week we shall remove the roofs of our tents and sleep in the open. I wish you girls to get a month or two of it. That counts one honor."

Nora, Mollie and Ethel started in. Ethel quickly learned how to tie the knot. Then she began to study "first aid to the injured," and the girls taught her how to adjust a bandage and how to use the plaster.

"It's a shame that ye haven't a real broken bone to work on," laughed Nora.

"Well, that's a nice thing to say," replied Mollie; "suppose you go and cut yourself, Nora Casey, or break your leg."

After studying for a couple of hours the girls declared that Ethel was a promising pupil. She even learned a poem, "The Psalm of Life," by Longfellow.

CHAPTER XXVI

A LOSS AND A DINNER

"Oh! girls," exclaimed Ethel, "I must get my ring. I left it on the box where I washed dishes," and she ran to the kitchen tent, but there was no ring in sight. "I laid it down here and I emptied the water myself," she almost sobbed. "It was a beautiful ring—a diamond cluster. Grandmamma gave it to me. It was her engagement ring."

Kate now came in and they hunted. The girls looked where the water had been thrown but no sign. They swept the tent and searched thoroughly. Mollie Long went back to where Ethel stood half in tears and reported nothing doing.

"Who was with you in the tent?" she asked.

"No one but you and Nora," replied Ethel.

"You remember, Kate," said Ethel,

"it was Grandmamma's engagement ring. I'd have lost anything I own rather than that."

"It's unfortunate," replied Kate, "but perhaps it may turn up."

Poor Ethel took her walk with Patty and Mollie but she was very quiet.

That noon she watched a dinner cooked in the open. Two perpendicular stakes with forked ends had been driven in the ground, while lying horizontally across them was another upon which to hang one or more kettles. Each kettle had an iron hook to place on the cross stake, and from them hung the kettles. A roaring fire had been made. The potatoes were laid in the hot ashes and covered. In one kettle the peas were put. Ethel and Mollie had shelled until their fingers ached.

"Now, girls," said Kate, "someone time those peas. They must not cook longer than three-quarters of an hour, and they must not be covered."

When the salad had been prepared, the bread and butter spread, and the water pitchers filled from the brook it was time to cook the steak.

Four of the girls took forks made from tree branches, placed the steak upon them, and started in. Mollie and Nora in the meanwhile, after draining off nearly all of the water, had put some salt and a little sugar in the peas, adding at the last a large piece of butter, and had placed them in their kettle which stood near the potatoes.

The steak when finished was laïd on a large platter and covered plentifully with butter. Then each girl took and opened her potato, and what a potato it was!—so unlike those cooked in an oven. The peas were served in saucers, and the sight of the steak covered with gravy—hot and juicy—made them hungry.

Each sat on the ground with her plate on her lap, and her saucer and glass beside her. They ate up every vestige of food.

"Goodnight!" said Nora. "Shure a dog would starve in this crowd."

After an appetizing salad dressed with a suspicion of garlic and a fine French dressing, came the bread pudding made by Sallie Davis. It was filled with raisins and each girl passed her plate twice.

"Ethel, what do you think of our Camp Fire dinner?" asked Kate.

"It is simply fine," replied the girl. "I have never tasted one half so good."

"Poor Ethel, she is unhappy over her ring," said Edna, and I don't blame her. Cheer up! it may be found yet," she added.

But Ethel was unhappy, not for the loss of the ring, but because it had belonged to old Mrs. Hollister.

"I never should have brought it," she said to Kate. "I should have left it with Aunt Susan. I know it was right on the box when I left the tent, and it's so unpleasant," she confided to Kate. "One suspects everyone."

"Yes, that's the unfortunate part of it," replied her cousin. "The innocent suffer for the guilty; that is, if it has been taken by anyone, but I have an idea that it may have been thrown out with the water."

Ethel studied hard every day. She learned rapidly and one night she received her first bead. She had learned how to row a boat and she rowed well. In five days she had rowed twenty miles, which entitled

her to one honor. Before the next two weeks she had learned how to swim; and she swam one mile in five days. The rule was to swim one mile in six days, but she went one better; so at one of the council fires she received her two beads. As her honors came under "health craft" her beads were red.

Her ceremonial gown had been made for some time. She had worked on it during rainy days, and when she had finished behold! it was perfect.

"Why, you're entitled to another honor. This comes under 'hand craft,' " said Patty.

So now she had won three—two red beads and one of green.

"That's good work," ejaculated Nora Casey. "She'll outstrip us all."

Of course each girl won daily. Some had strings nearly half a yard long. At every council fire the Guardian would distribute them to the girls, but Sallie Davis had the most beads. She was clever and won many for cooking.

About the middle of July there came another set of Camp Fires. They oc-

cupied the woods about half a mile away. It seemed that the Guardian—a Miss Andrews—was a schoolmate of Kate Hollister's. They were called the "Columbus Camp Fires." The girls were friendly and together they had great sport.

CHAPTER XXVII

A DISCOVERY

One morning Patty and Ethel started for a walk. They were to climb a small mountain. On their way they came across a pocket handkerchief. It was a girl's handkerchief, and on it was the initial "H."

"This isn't Cousin's Kate's I know," said Ethel. "She carried one certain kind with a tiny "H" worked in the corner. This looks like a cheap one that might be purchased for a dime. Whose can it be? Are there any 'H's' in the Columbus Camp Fires?"

They recalled every name—not an "H."

"Then as it isn't Kate's nor mine it must belong to Mattie Hastings."

"Yes," replied Patty. "She often walks up here alone."

"I wish I could get over my feeling of dislike for that girl," said Ethel, "but I can not. It grows on me. I shall be glad

to go home to get rid of looking at her. I can never like Nora Casey either, although I have tried very hard. But I positively shrink from that girl. I don't trust her."

"I feel the same, and so do all the girls," replied Patty, "but she seems to have gotten around Miss Hollister. She is invariably hanging on her."

"Cousin Kate is so kind and good-hearted," said Ethel. "She's always ready to make the best of people, but I feel like pulling Mattie Hastings away when I see her around here."

"Look—quick! speak of angels—that was she looking out through those trees," exclaimed Patty. "Now I wonder what she is doing up here and alone. My! but it's warm in the sun, isn't it?" and Patty opened the neck of her waist and removed her hat. "Let's call and see if she answers us."

So Patty Sands called loudly:

"Mattie Hastings—Mattie—we have seen you—don't hide!"

Someone started to run through the brush. They heard a fall and a piercing shriek.

She's tripped," said Ethel. "Let's go and see."

Quickly they picked their way over fallen trees and dead leaves until they came to the prostrate body of Mattie whom they so disliked.

"What have you done?" asked Patty. "Have you hurt yourself?"

No answer.

"She's fainted!" ejaculated Ethel. "She's been walking in the sun and exposed to great heat. It's heat exhaustion. See, her face is pale and she isn't entirely unconscious as in a sunstroke. First we must loosen her clothing and let her lie down quietly. I wonder if there is any water about."

"Yes," said Patty, "we passed a watering trough on the road."

While Ethel unbuttoned the girl's waist, Patty ran for water.

"It's lucky I have my drinking cup with me," she called. "I have a long head. I never take a walk without it."

Ethel made no reply. She unhooked the girl's corset. Then when Patty returned,

together they lifted her to a shady place. Ethel's face was pale.

"What is the matter?" asked Patty. "You look as though you had seen a ghost."

Ethel pointed to a chain on Mattie's neck. It was a small silver chain, and suspended from it were two diamond rings. One was the small cluster lost by Ethel, while the other was a solitaire. Patty gasped and caught Ethel by the arm.

"That's your ring."

Ethel nodded.

"And the other belongs to Nora Casey. She lost it a few days ago. She didn't want to make a fuss about it on account of you having lost yours, but I think she suspected this girl and determined to get it before she left camp. Isn't it awful?" and Patty shook her head. "You'd better take the chain off before she comes to."

Ethel made no reply but lifted Mattie's head and put the drinking cup to her lips. After a moment the girl took a swallow, then another, until she had taken it all.

"Don't give her any more now," said Ethel. "'First Aid' says, 'sip slowly in

heat prostrations and give stimulants,' but we have none."

"Take them off, Ethel," said Patty, "she might get up and run." But Ethel only looked.

Suddenly Mattie Hastings opened her eyes, gazed at the two girls, and at her shirt waist beside her; then she raised herself and put her hand to her neck. A scarlet flame surged across her face.

"You've had a sort of fainting spell," said Ethel. "You fell, and the heat and all made you unconscious for a while. Why did you run from us when we called?"

With her hands upon her chain the girl looked like a frightened animal. Something stirred Ethel's pity.

"Don't be frightened," she said, "just tell us all."

Whereupon Mattie Hastings burst into tears.

"First hand me my ring," said Ethel, "and then tell us everything."

The girl tried to unfasten the chain.

"Shall I?" asked Ethel.

Mattie nodded. Then Ethel took the ring.

"To whom does this belong?" she asked.

"Nora," faltered the girl. "Keep it please; I shall never go back. I shall kill myself," she sobbed.

"That's silly," broke in practical Patty.

"Your father—Judge Sands—he will sentence me to prison," she sobbed, "and I did it for Mollie. She's my sister. Her spine is broken and the doctor said she needed food—good nourishing food. She's only eleven, and he told father that with care she might outgrow it, especially if she could get in some Institution for Cripples, where she could have good attention," and the girl threw herself on her face and sobbed brokenly.

"Now, see here," said Ethel, sitting down beside her and lefting her up, while Patty and she supported her back.

"You tell us everything; don't keep even a tiny bit back."

"Yes," broke in Patty, "we're Camp Fire Girls and we must 'Give Service.' Perhaps we can help you if you'll confide in us."

"Before God I will; and I'll tell you all," said Mattie.

CHAPTER XXVIII

MATTIE'S STORY

"My father is a good man. He is kind, hard-working, and gives all of his wages to Mother. Mother has an idea that I am above my associates. She is ambitious for me to go with the rich girls—the girls who have position."

Ethel's heart bounded. Was not her own mother the same?

"I worked in McAllister's store. I earned six dollars a week. Three of it I paid Mother for board. The other three, with what Father gave me, bought my clothes; but even with that I could not dress well enough to go with the girls as she wished me to.

"Her idea was for me to go to church and Sunday School and meet them that way. Then poor little Mollie was knocked down by an automobile and she has never left her bed. They were a party of joy riders,

and oh! I hate to confess it, but I've promised—my mother was one of them. She had a cousin who was a chauffeur and he asked her to go. No one but I knew that she was of the party, for they were so drunk they never saw that she left them, and to this day no one knows that it was her cousin's auto that knocked Mollie down, for he escaped. Mother came home after Mollie had been taken to the hospital, and at that time we all thought that she had been out spending the evening. When she found that Mollie was injured for life she began to take morphine. I alone know her secret; she never knew that she told it. For God's sake don't betray me. Every penny that Father gave her she spent for that drug, and he thinking that Mollie had the benefit of it.

"At last I couldn't stand it. I couldn't see my little sister die for the want of proper food, nor could I tell Father, and give my own mother away, for outside of her ambition for me she had been a good mother. Then Father grew ill and was laid up with rheumatism. I refused to give Mother

the three dollars for board, but I kept it for expenses. When she demanded, I told her what I knew and threatened to expose her.

"Father grew better and was able to work again, but poor Mollie failed daily. I laid awake night after night. I prayed—for I was a good girl once—for a way to be shown me whereby I could make more than six dollars a week.

"Then in Sunday School I met Miss Hollister. I had heard of these Camp Fire Girls and how many fine things a girl could learn, so that in time she could earn good money. I consulted with Father and he advised me to join; and Mother was delighted, for she saw visions of my being intimate with the 'swell' girls."

Here Mattie put her hands on her breast and Ethel ran to the trough for more water.

"Before we came up here," she continued, "I found a doctor who upon seeing Mollie said that for one hundred and fifty dollars he could put her in a Home where she would have attention and treatment. She could wear braces, and perhaps in time she might grow to be strong and well. But

how was I to get it? Father and I together could hardly pay for our food.

"One afternoon just before the store closed a lady dropped her purse. I put my foot over it and stood until she had gone off in her auto. Then when no one was looking I picked it up, put it in my bosom, and went home. In the purse I found forty dollars.

"That was the beginning. After that it came so easy, and Mollie enjoyed the fruit that I brought her. But thirty-five dollars of the money I put in the bank. I took little things from the store and sold them. I pretended that they had been given to me.

"Then I came up here. Oh! I expected to end in prison. I knew that it couldn't go on forever. But I took a chance. I had now nearly seventy-five dollars. One hundred and fifty, or say two hundred, would save Mollie. I kept on. I took a locket from Edith Overman. She's never missed it. It has a large diamond in the center. She's rich and careless. I took that ring from Nora. I've often thought

that Nora suspected me, but she's never given me away. I've taken money from each one of you girls. The only one whom I've not robbed is Miss Kate—God bless her. I wouldn't take a handkerchief from her, she's been so kind to me. The rest have never liked me. You remember since we came here the time I went home and spent two days. Well, I went in town and deposited my money and saw that Mollie had some comforts in way of food and books. Then when I came back I began taking the jewelry. I have now over a hundred dollars in the bank. I had come up here today to find a safe place in some tree where until we went back I could put the two rings and locket, as I feared that they might be seen on my neck. When you called and said, 'We've seen you; don't hide,' I thought that you had discovered that I was a thief and I started to run and fell over the tree trunk. I had been pretty warm while walking up the hill and I guess you were correct,—it was the heat. That's all," she moaned wearily. "You may give me up. I knew the time would come, but I had hoped to have had Mollie in a Home

before I was taken," and the girl lay back on the ground shaking with sobs.

Ethel and Patty looked at each other.

"Now see here," said Patty Sands, "Ethel and I are not monsters to eat you up, are we, Ethel?"

"No," replied the girl, "Mattie, I think we may be able to help Mollie."

Mattie sat up.

"What?" she gasped.

"Yes," replied Ethel. "You've done this for her. Now we are not going to betray you, and we are going to help you; but first, you must give back everything that you have taken. Do you remember the name of the lady from whom you took the purse?"

"Yes," replied Mattie. "I have the purse with her card in it."

"Very well; return that by mail. Say if you wish that you found it and regret not sending it before. You needn't sign your name. Then take Nora's ring and put it in her suitcase, after which put Edith's chain in hers. Can you remember the different amounts of money that you have taken from us girls?"

"I took"—and she faltered—"five from you and five from Patty."

"Well, don't try to think now, but go by yourself and if possible remember what you took from each girl and replace it as you are going to replace the jewelry. Whatever you took from the store and sold is a harder matter and you can't recover the goods."

"No," said Mattie.

"How much did you get for them?" asked Patty.

"About twelve dollars," replied the girl.

"You give that to me," said Patty. Mr. McAllister is a great friend of Father's. I will give Father the money and tell him to return it,—that it's from a client—an old employee—who to save a human life and under great temptation took the things, and that she wishes to make restitution. He'll never suspect you, nor will he question Father, for Father has rendered him too many services."

Mattie grasped her by the hand.

"Oh! you are too good to me, Miss Sands. However can I pay you and Miss Ethel?"

"Call me Ethel," said the girl.

"Yes, and me Patty. You are one of us and we are all sisters."

"And now," continued Ethel, "my Aunt Susan, who lives in Akron, is a philanthropist. I've heard her tell of a Cripple's Home there. If your sister is unable to pay she can get her in free. That doctor may slip some of that money he speaks of into his own pocket, and if your sister is under Aunt Susan's wing she'll see that she gets everything she needs, and she'll have the best of care. You can run down every week or so and see her. I'm sure Aunt Susan would make you welcome over night."

Mattie Hastings fell on the ground at the feet of the two girls.

"Oh, my God!" she said, "Are you in earnest?" and she kissed their hands. "Can it be possible that there is about to be made a way for poor Mollie? Are my prayers to be answered?" and she sobbed while the two girls held her in their arms.

"Come on now," said Ethel, "let's go home. You're all tired out. We'll put you to bed. Don't worry, Mattie," she whispered, "we'll attend to everything."

CHAPTER XXIX

MATTIE STARTS AFRESH

Everything was returned as the girls had planned. Mattie went into town, drew out her money, put the forty dollars in the purse and sent it to its owner, as they had suggested.

"Oh, my darling!" she said to Mollie, as she hugged her, "I have great news for you. Come, Mother, and listen."

Then holding each by the hand she related Ethel's proposal.

Mrs. Hastings wept tears of joy while little Mollie laughed.

"Are you sure she'll keep her word?" asked Mrs. Hastings.

"As sure as there's a God in heaven. She's an angel," replied Mattie. "They all are. Oh! Mother, I never knew that there could be such kindness in the world."

Mattie returned, and Ethel and Patty replaced all of the stolen money in the girls'

purses save the twelve that was to be given to Judge Sands for McAllister. The jewelry was more difficult, for there was danger of it rolling out of the bags, so Patty suggested putting the ring in a small box and slipping it in Nora's suitcase, and doing the same with the locket belonging to Edith Overman.

The next morning appeared Nora with the ring on her finger, but with never a word. Then rushed out Edith Overman.

"Do you know, I have found my locket and chain. I was awfully worried for I thought I had lost it."

The following day came a reply to Ethel's letter from Aunt Susan. This was the extract pertaining to the Home:

"Yes, my dear, I can get the little girl in the Cripples' School free—not 'Home.' In this place she'll have the best of medical attendance. I am one of the managers. She will be taught to sew and make lovely things besides having good nourishing food every day. Her sister is welcome to stay with us whenever she cares to come. The little girl will probably come out cured, and

it will not cost her a penny. Even her clothes will be furnished. Let me know when to expect them. I enclose your mother's letter."

Mattie cried with joy.

"What is it?" the girls asked, and she told them.

Judge Sands had seen Mr. McAllister who took the money without a comment save:

"Well, Judge, when a thing happens like this it sort of restores one's faith in human nature, doesn't it?"

And Mattie was a happy girl.

"Really," said Ethel to her cousin and Patty, "Mattie's eyes have grown wider apart."

"No, it's because you like her and she seems different to you."

Mrs. Hollister wrote:

"My dearest girl:

"I hope you have made only desirable acquaintances and that you will forget the Camp Fire Girls, at least this winter. You will be seventeen soon and I shall give you a debutante's party. I have saved considerable money during your absence."

Ethel didn't answer the letter at once.

One day came up the hill the buckboard holding three men. The girls saw it from a distance, and there was some excitement. As it drew nearer three shouts went up. There was Tom Harper, Uncle John, and Judge Sands.

Ethel almost wept on Tom's shoulder, and she was well hugged by Uncle John.

That was the day that they had their great Camp Fire dinner—when they soaked the corn for an hour in water before roasting it. Then tying a string to each ear they laid it in the glowing fire and ate it with melted butter and salt. The Judge and Uncle John ate three ears apiece, besides the potatoes, chicken, and steamed berry pudding made by Patty, his daughter.

"Say, John and Tom," he said, "we'd better come up here and board. No wonder these girls like to get away from town."

And Mattie was introduced to the Judge by Patty.

"Papa," she said, "this is Mattie Hastings, and when I was ill she sat up the entire night taking care of me and putting fresh flax-seed poultices on my chest."

And the Judge thanked her so sincerely that she nearly burst into tears.

"And your father?" he asked, "how is he? I need a man just like him in my office. I've met him, and Miss Mattie, there's one thing I've always liked about him,—he has a face that anyone could trust. I shall go and see him on my return."

Then Mattie was not afraid to weep with joy as she clasped the Judge's hand and thanked him sincerely.

"Well, girls," said Uncle John, "we'll be looking for you next week—hey?"

"Yes," replied Kate, "and, Father, I'd like to have Aunt Susan come up before we leave. She'd enjoy it."

"Oh! yes," fairly shouted Ethel. "Do bring her, Tom."

CHAPTER XXX

AUNT SUSAN COMES

So the day Aunt Susan came, everyone was on the qui vive, and a warmer welcome was never extended to an old lady. She was shown everything. She had a real Camp Fire dinner and enjoyed it.

She took Mattie one side and told her of the wonderful improvement in little Mollie, which made Mattie's heart beat high with joy.

When she was introduced to Honora the girl made such quaint remarks that Aunt Susan laughed merrily.

"Isn't it funny?" said Ethel; "that's the only girl in Camp that I don't care for."

"Ethel," replied her aunt, "perhaps, you don't know her as she really is."

"Perhaps," responded Ethel slowly, thinking of Mattie.

The evening that Aunt Susan stayed

Ethel was advanced from a Wood Gatherer to a Fire Maker. She stood up in her ceremonial dress with her pretty hair hanging, and bound with a band of beads called her "ceremonial band," and she repeated the Fire Maker's song.

New honors were awarded. They had songs and toasts, one of which was "Aunt Susan," after which the girls repeated in unison:

"Burn, fire, burn; flicker, flicker, flame, etc."

Then, extinguishing the fire, they retired for the night.

The next morning the Camp broke up. Ethel bade them all an affectionate farewell. She even kissed Honora. There seemed to be a spirit of good will among all of the girls.

"Be sure and come back next summer, Ethel," was heard on every side.

And Mattie, taking her apart from the rest, said:

"You have saved me from a fate worse than death. I was going the downward path, and you and Patty lifted me out of

the mud. I shall pray for you every night. Don't forget me."

"No, I shall not," replied Ethel, kissing her affectionately, "and you promise to go and see little Mollie and write me all about her, won't you?"

CHAPTER XXXI

BACK TO AUNT SUSAN'S

After spending the night at Uncle John's, Aunt Susan and Ethel left for Akron.

"Oh! what a lovely summer I've had," said Ethel, "and how much I've learned being a Camp Fire Girl; and I owe it all to you, Aunt Susan."

The next week Mr. Hollister came to take the girl home—and how he had missed her!

They spent the day with Uncle John. He and her father were like boys again.

"You must come here next year, Archibald," said John, "and go up to Camp and see the way these girls keep house. It's a revelation. What the women are coming to! I don't believe there'll be any room on earth for us men after a while."

Ethel's eyes were blinded with tears as she kissed her dear ones goodbye, and Mattie Hastings with Patty Sands came way to Akron to see her off, Mattie bringing

the loveliest pin-cushion made for her by her sister Mollie.

One night Ethel and Mrs. Hollister had a serious talk. Grandmother made Archibald go and listen at the door, as Bella's voice could be heard throughout the house.

When Ethel left her mother she went directly up to her room, but Mrs. Hollister said to Grandmother:

"This is your work and your sister's as well. Ethel is a changed girl and refused to obey me. She's going to take up low settlement work and belong to that Camp Fire business this winter, and she almost refuses to go into society at all. But for the fact that some of our best girls are Camp Fires I should positively forbid it. She is not yet of age, and I still have some authority over her, after all my slaving for her and sacrifices. Now she openly defies me."

"No, Mamma," cried Ethel, coming down stairs and putting her arm around her mother, "I only object to sailing under false colors. All of our life has been sham—sham—and make believe, and I can not see Papa growing older and more bent

every day, when he should be young looking and happy. And I know that it's worry over getting the money for me that I may make a show for people to think me wealthy. And when Aunt Susan came here you told everyone that I was to be her heiress. Why, Mamma, she is poorer than we are. Every penny of her money was lost four years ago, and Tom Harper—her adopted son—supports her. Then there's dear Uncle John. He's nearly five years older than Papa and he looks ten years younger. Why? Because he has nothing to worry him. And when I see the lines and wrinkles coming into your pretty face I think it's all for me, and I've decided to give it up. I shall still go out with the friends who care for me, but they must know me as I am; and next summer I want you to come with me to Camp. You are so clever and can teach the girls so much about sewing and dressmaking.

"Mamma dear, let's turn over a new leaf. Let's give up all sham and be happy. Then we can tell who are our true friends and they'll be all we need."

Here Ethel put her arms around her mother who at once burst into tears, sobbing:

"And I wanted you to make a g-good m-match."

"Never mind," laughed Ethel. "Who knows? I may marry better than ever. Cheer up, Mamma dear," and from that hour the mother and daughter changed places.

And Grandmother Hollister whispered to her son:

"Behold! a miracle."